

The HOME
READER
AND RECITER
COMPILED
BY
MARIA ALBRIGHT

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LOUIS KLOPSCH

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PREFACE.

THERE is a wonderful charm in the human voice. With its marvelous gamut and its wide range of tone and pitch—from the silvery clearness of the upper register to the deep resonance of the lower notes—it is capable of reproducing all the emotions, from the softest words of endearment or sympathy to those of sternest denunciation. A good, flexible voice in speaking, is like music to the ear, and makes a pleasant impression upon every listener.

Next in importance to a good voice comes clear enunciation. Indeed, in a sense, it may be regarded as even more important, as careful and deliberate speech, in which every syllable is clearly pronounced, may not only make amends for whatever is lacking in vocal flexibility, but is frequently more impressive than the voice which, though richer in tones, is less careful in delivery. It is within the power of all to acquire the art of clear enunciation, and it is an art by no means to be despised, since upon its possession depends the success of everyone who aspires to read or recite acceptably, either in the home circle or in larger social gatherings.

This volume of Readings and Recitations has been compiled expressly to meet the needs of the very large class who have not had the advantage of professional training in the elocutionary art. While taking a wide range, including many of the best examples in dramatic, pathetic, humorous, descriptive, patriotic and religious literature, the examples are all well within the scope of the average reader. In this compilation will be found ample opportunity

PREFACE

for effective declamation to suit every taste and all sorts of audiences, whether they be disposed to mirth or sadness, comedy or tragedy. In the winter evenings, around the cheerful fire, and with friends and neighbors as auditors, or in the village hall or lyceum, or wheresoever the occasion may lead, these readings will make many an hour pass profitably and delightfully.

In reading or reciting, one should be natural, easy and unaffected. Nothing mars a reading so much as obvious self-consciousness. Speak slowly in all ordinary passages (sudden emotions should quicken the pace), pronounce every word, distinctly; and specially avoid "slurring" syllables or dropping the voice, as many do at the end of a sentence. Try to express character by tone, gesture and look, but always gently and in moderation. Do not attempt either high tragedy or broad comedy, but whatever the character or incident, let your delineation be temperate, with just force enough to give life and meaning to the interpretation.

With these few suggestions, we commend the volume to our readers, confident that they will find in it a genuine Treasury of Entertainment that will win for itself a hearty welcome everywhere.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation that sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color,

the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

symbol of restless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

COL. JOHN HAY.

THE king was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And the doctors came by the score,
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat,—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble:
If they recovered, they paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up!" roared the King in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage:
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran—
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a Happy Man.*

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man. . . .

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there!
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blythe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
"An idle man had so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it," said he, and he roared with the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the king was well and gay.

SAM'S LETTER.

I WONDER who w-wote me this letter. I thup-
pose the b-best way to f-find out ith to open it
and thee. (*Opens letter.*) Thome lun-lunatic hath
w-written me this letter. He hath w-written it up-
thide down. I wonder if he th-thought I wath go-
ing to w-wead it thanding on my head. Oh, yeth, I
thee; I had it t-t-turned upthide down. "Amewica."
Who do I know in Amewica? I am glad he hath
g-given me hith addwess anyhow. Oh, yeth, I thee,
it ith from Tham. I alwayths know Tham's hand-
witing when I thee hith name at the b-bottom of it.
"My dear bwother—" Tham alwayths called me
bwother. I-I thuppose iths because hith m-mother
and my mother wath the thame woman, and we never
had any thithters. When we were boyths we were
ladths together. They used to ge-get off a proverb
when they thaw uth com-coming down the stweet.
It ith vvery good, if I could only think of it. I can
never wecollect anything that I can't we-wemember.
Iths—it iths the early bir-bird—iths the early bir-
bird that knowth ith own father. What non-
nonthenthns that iths! How co-could a bir-bird know
iths own father? Iths a withe—iths a withe child—
iths a withe child that geths the wom. T-that's not
wite. What non-nonthenthns that iths! No pa-
pawent would allow hiths child to ga-gather woms.
Iths a wyme. Iths fish of-of a feather. Fish of a
fea— What non-nonthense! for fish don't have
feathers. Iths a bir-bird—iths b-birds of a feather—
—b-birds of a—of a feather flock together. B-birds
of a feather! Just as if a who-who-whole flock of
b-birds had only one f-feather. They'd all catch
cold, and only one b-bird c-could have that f-feather,
and he'd fly side-withse. What con-confounded non-
thense that iths! Flock to-gether! Of courthse th-

they'd flock together. Who ever her-heard of a bird being such a f-fool as to g-go into a c-corner and flo-flock by himself? "I wo-wote you a letter thome time ago——" That's a lie; he d-didn't wi-wite me a letter. If he had witten me a letter he would have posted it, and I would have g-got it; so, of course, he didn't post it, and then he didn't wite it. Thath's easy. Oh, yeths, I thee: "but I dwopped it into the poht-poht-office forgetting to diwect it." I wonder who the d-dic-dickens got that letter. I wonder if the poth-pothman iths gwoin' awound inquiring for a f-fellow without a name. I wonder if there biths a f-fellow without any name. If there iths any fel-fellow without any name, how doeths he know who he iths himthelf? I-I wonder if thuch a fellow could get mawaид. How could he ask hiths wife to take hiths name if he h-had no name? Thath's one of thothse things no fellow can f-find out. "I have just made a startling dithcovery." Tham's alwayths d-doing thomthing. "I have dith-covered that my mother iths—that m-my mother ith not my m-mother; that a—the old nurse iths my m-mother, and that you are not my b-bwother, and a—tha—that I was changed at my birth." How c-can a fellow be changed at hith b-birth? If he iths not himthelf, who ith he? If Tham's m-mother iths not hith m-mother, and the nurthse iths hith mother, and Tham ithn't my bwother, who am I? That's one of thothse things that no fel-fellow can find out. "I have p-purchased an ethstate som-somewhere——" Dohn't the id-idiot know wh-where b-he has bought it? Oh, yeths: "on the bankths of the M-M-Mith-ithippi." Wh-who iths M-Mithithippi? I g-gueths ith's Tham's m-mother-in-l-law. Tham's got mawaид. He th-thayths he felt v-vewy ner-nervous. He al-wayths wath a lucky fellow getting th-things he didn't want, and hadn't any use for. Thpeaking of mother-in-lawths, I had a fwriend who had a mother-

in-law, and he didn't like her pwetty well; and she f-felt the thame way towards him; and they went away on a st-steamer acwoths the ocean, and they got wecked, catht away on a waft, and they floated awound with their feet in the water and other amuthements, living on thuch things ath they could pick up—thardinths, ithcweam, owanges, and other c-canned goodths that were floating awound. When that waths all gone, everybody ate everybody else. F-finally only himthelf and hiths m-mother-in-law waths left, and they pl-played a game of c-cards to thee who should be eaten up—himthelf or hith mother-in-law. A-a—the mother-in-law loht. H-he treated her handthomely, only he strapped h-her flat on her back, and c-carved her gently. H-h-he thays that waths the f-first time that he ever weally enjoyed a m-mother-in-law.—*American Cousin.*

ZEKLE.

. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted.
 The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!
 An' leetle fires danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin'
 Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk,
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal, no; I come designin'—"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin';"
Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister*;"
The last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they wuz cried
In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

AMONG THE "SPERRETS."

ARTEMUS WARD.

MY naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idears about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the sperret biznis excluusively. A atemt was made to git Mrs. A. Ward to embark into the Sperret biznis but the atemt failed. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet meijum, whareupon she attact him with a mop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear obsarve that Mrs. Ward is a invalerale womun—the partner of my gois & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absunce she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return she welcums me in afectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. INGOMER in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thawt
2 hearts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooiced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room chock full, includin all the old maids in the villige & the long hared fellers a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with "hear cums the benited man"—"hear cums the hory-heded unbeliever"—"hear cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

Sez I, "my frens, it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets."

I one of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck & was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellecks than other men had and

they wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests & wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was immateriel, and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speeker, resolves round on its own axeltree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axeltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis of super-human natur becum metty-morfussed as man progresst in harmonial coexistunce & eventooally anty humanized theirselves & turned into regular sperretuellers. [This was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany, and as I make it a pint to get along as pleasant as possible, I sung out "bully for you, old boy."]

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. They axed me if thare was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show biznis, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed 1 of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show biznis, William?" sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspeare, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meaning Mr. Bunyan) stired up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of

AMONG THE "SPERRETS"

hossmanship without saddul or bridal. They was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

Sez I, "William, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?" He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experienced.

The Sircle sed he had gone. "Are you gone, William?" I axed. "Rayther," he replied, and I knowed it was no use to pursoo the subjeck furder.

I then called for my farther.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show biznis I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut biznis & liked it putty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt they axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "My friends I've bin into the show biznis now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Constitoooshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleases, & them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis believe this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becums a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his fase & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children & destroyin the peace of mind of evry famerlee he

enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the regular perfessional Sperret rappers —them as makes a biznis on it—air abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever enkountered in my life. So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home. Respectably Yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

MAUD MÜLLER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

MAUD MÜLLER

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!"

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein:

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas! for Maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OH yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likeliest God within the soul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LOST FRIENDS.

J. W. CHADWICK.

IT singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, O, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Ou" God, for evermore.

THE NEW SOUTH.

HENRY W. GRADY.

THREE was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of Union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour.

I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me is the

home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North, and the grand review at Washington. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture, if you can, the foot-sore soldier, who buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by wants and wounds. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? —let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material or training—and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair?

Not for a day. Surely, God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; the horses that had charged upon General Sherman's line marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate South—misguided perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. On the record of her social, industrial and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that those could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity.

As she stands full statured and equal among the

people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. The South has nothing to take back; nothing for which she has excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. What answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with peace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will

THE JESTER'S PRAYER

she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal. But if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

THE JESTER'S PRAYER.

EDWARD ROWLAND HILL.

THE royal feast was done. The king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, can change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin: but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all,
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord!
Be merciful to me, a fool."

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool."

MR. CAUDLE IS MADE A MASON.

(ONE OF MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.)

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"NOW, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know—now, what I mean to say is this; there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em! Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not

that I care much about it—still, I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it: I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle; just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

"Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to go and be made a mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that it's anything to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it.

"But I know what it is; oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is, to ill-use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves; especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need to be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a free-mason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

"And I suppose they call you *Brother* Caudle! A pretty brother indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man—for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to free-masonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

"Now, come, Caudle; don't let's quarrel. Eh!

You're not in pain, dear? What's it all about?
What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a
fool to trouble my head about you.

"And you're not going to let me know the secret,
eh? You mean to say—you're not? Now, Caudle,
you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—
not that I care about the secret itself: no, I wouldn't
give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense I'm
sure. It isn't the secret I care about: it's the slight,
Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays
to his wife, when he thinks of going through the
world keeping something to himself which he won't
let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should
like to know how that can be when a man's a mason
—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife
apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you
take good care to have all the best of 'em to your-
selves: otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a
divorce when a man becomes a mason: when he's got
a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart—a secret
place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to
rummage!

"Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—
no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it.
Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm
sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and
you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I
only wish I had a secret! To whom should I think
of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should
be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it.
Now, Caudle?

"Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A
brute!—Yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal crea-
ture, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm
sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all,
Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare
say i tis—it's only your making a secret of it that
vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own

STORY OF JOHN MAYNARD

Margaret? You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

"But I know why: oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family! I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night, now? Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough; you didn't want any more.

"But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together, that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret; and nothing else.

"Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still, Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle!"

"I recollect nothing more," says Caudle, "for I had eaten a hearty supper, and somehow became oblivious."

STORY OF JOHN MAYNARD.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest, and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon—at that time those steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

"Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire."

Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger, here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward, if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel, writing in a book of gold; Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in the room he said, "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head, And with a look made of all sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord." "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low, But cheerly still, and said: "I pray thee, then, Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night It came again, with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed, And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

SWALLOWING A FLY.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

ACOUNTRY meeting-house. A midsummer Sabbath. The air lazy and warm. The graveyard around about oppressively still, the white slabs here and there shining in the light like the drifted snow of death, and not a grass blade rustling, as though a sleeper had stirred in his dream.

"Clap-boards of the church weather-beaten, and very much bored, either by bumble-bees, or long sermons, probably the former, as the puncture was on the outside instead of the in. Farmers, worn out with harvesting, excessively soothed by the services into dreaming of the good time coming, when wheat shall be worth twice as much to the bushel, and a basket of fresh-laid eggs will buy a Sunday jacket for a boy.

"We had come to the middle of our sermon, when a large fly, taking advantage of the open mouth of the speaker, darted into our throat. The crisis was upon us. Shall we cough and eject this impudent intruder, or let him silently have his way? We had no precedent to guide us. We knew not what the fathers of the church did in like circumstances, or the mothers either. We are not informed that Chrysostom ever turned himself into a fly-trap. We knew not what the Synod of Dort would have said to a minister eating flies during the religious services.

"We saw the unfairness of taking advantage of a fly in such straitened circumstances. It may have been a blind fly, and not have known where it was going. It may have been a scientific fly, and only experimenting with an air current. It may have been a reckless fly, doing what he soon would be sorry for, or a young fly, and gone a-sailing on Sunday without his mother's consent.

"Besides this, we are not fond of flies prepared in that way. We have, no doubt, often taken them preserved in blackberry jam, or, in the poorly lighted eating house, taken them done up in New Orleans syrup. But fly in the raw was a diet from which we recoiled. We would have preferred it roasted or fried, or panned, or baked, and then to have chosen our favorite part, the upper joint, and a little of the breast, if you please, sir. But, no; it

SWALLOWING A FLY

was wings, proboscis, feet, poisers, and alimentary canal. There was no choice; it was all, or none.

"We foresaw the excitement and disturbance we would make, and the probability of losing our thread of discourse, if we undertook a series of coughs, chokings, and expectorations, and that, after all our efforts, we might be unsuccessful, and end the affray with a fly's wing on our lip, and a leg in the windpipe, and the most unsavory part of it all under the tongue.

"We concluded to take down the nuisance. We rallied all our energies. It was the most animated passage in all our discourse. We were not at all hungry for anything, much less for such hastily prepared viands. We found it no easy job. The fly evidently wanted to back out. 'No,' we said, within ourselves; 'too late to retreat. You are in for it now.' We addressed it in the words of Noah to the orang-outang, as it was about entering the Ark, and lingered too long at the door, 'Go in, sir—go in.'

"And so we conquered, giving a warning to flies and men that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out again. We have never mentioned the above circumstances before; we felt it a delicate subject. But all the fly's friends are dead, and we can slander it as much as we please, and there is no danger now. We have had the thing on our mind ever since we had it on our stomach, and so we come to this confessional.

"The fly was digested, and turned into muscle and bone, and went to preaching himself. Vexations conquered become additional strength. Had we stopped on the aforesaid day to kill the insect, at the same time we would have killed our sermon. We could not waste our time on such a combat. Truth ought not to be wrecked on an insect's proboscis.

You are all ordained to some mission by the laying on the hard hands of work, and the white hands of joy, and the black hands of trouble."

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

[An Extract.]

IN looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country—for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the Passions agitated in every direction were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious—vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging—in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free Constitution, which is the

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work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a departing friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsels. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The Unity of Government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main Pillar in the Edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth;

as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our Country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same Religion, Manners, Habits, and political Principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together. The Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict between the parts, can be an adequate substitute. They must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of

this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government, better calculated than your former for an intimate Union and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its Laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole People, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the People to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which

ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded; and that in place of them just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The Nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interests. Antipathy in one Nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The Nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to War the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the Nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the Liberty, of Nations has been the victim.

So likewise a passionate attachment of one Nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite Nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens, the

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jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government. But that jealousy to be useful must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign Nation and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real Patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people to surrender their interests.

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world—so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it—for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements (I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy). I repeat it therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

In offering to you, my Countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression, I could wish—that they will control the usual current of the passions or prevent our Nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of Nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism—this hope

will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my Administration, I am unconscious of intentional error—I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love toward it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good Laws under a free Government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

JIM BLUDSO.

COL. JOHN HAY.

WALL, no, I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastwise, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

JIM BLUDSO

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row;
But he never flunked and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
And her day come at last;
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.
And so she came tearing along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar:—
“I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore!”

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And all had trust in his cussedness
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, but at Jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him,

He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,
And went for it, thar and then,
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

MARK TWAIN.*

YEARS ago I arrived one day at Salamanca, Pa., eastward bound, must change cars there, and take the sleeper-train. There were crowds of people there, and they were swarming into the long sleeper-train and packing it full, and it was a perfect purgatory of rush and confusion and gritting of teeth, and soft, sweet, and low profanity. I asked the young man in the ticket office if I could have a sleeping section, and he answered "No!" with a snarl that shriveled me up like burned leather. I went off smarting under this insult to my dignity and asked another local official, supplicatingly, if I couldn't have some poor little corner somewhere in a sleeping car, and he cut me short with a venomous "No, you can't; every corner's full—now don't bother me any more." And he turned his back and walked off. My dignity was in a state now which cannot be described. I was so ruffled that—well, I said to my companion: "If these people knew who I am they—" But my companion cut me short there, and said: "Don't talk such folly! If they did know who you are, do you suppose it would help your high mightiness to a vacancy in a train which has no vacancies in it? Ah, me! if you could only get rid of 148 pounds of your self-conceit, I would value the other pound of you above the national debt."

*From an after-dinner speech.

This did not improve my condition any to speak of. But just then I observed that the colored porter of a sleeping-car had his eye on me; I saw his dark countenance light up; he whispered to the uniformed conductor, punctuating with nods and jerks toward me, and straightway this conductor came forward, oozing politeness from every pore, and said: "Can I be of any service? Will you have a place in the sleeper?" "Yes," I said, "and much obliged, too; give me anything—anything will answer." He said, "We have nothing left but the big family stateroom, with two berths and a couple of armchairs in it; but it is entirely at your disposal, and we shall not charge you any more than we should for a couple of ordinary berths. Here, Tom, take these satchels aboard." He touched his hat, and we and the colored Tom moved along. I was bursting to drop just one little remark to my companion, but I held in and waited.

Tom made us comfortable in that sumptuous great apartment, and then said, with many bows and a perfect affluence of smile: "Now, is dey anything you want, sah?—'case you kin have jes' anything you wants, don't make no difference what it is." I said, "Can I have some hot water and a tumbler at nine to-night?" "Yes, sah, dat you kin; you can 'pen' on it; I'll get it myse'f." "Good; now that lamp is hung too high; can I have a big coach candle fixed up just at the head of my bed, so that I can read comfortably?" "Yes, sah, you kin; I'll fix her up myse'f, an' I'll fix her so she'll burn all night, an' I'll see dat she does, too, 'case I'll keep my eye on her troo de do'; yes, sah, an' you kin jes' call for anything you wants—it don't make no difference what it is—an' dis yer whole railroad'll be turned wrong eend up an' inside out for to git it for you—dat's so!" And he disappeared.

Well, I tilted my head back, hooked my thumbs

in my armholes, smiled a smile on my companion, and said gently: "Well, what do you say now?" My companion was not in a humor to respond—and didn't. The next moment that smiling black face was thrust in at the crack of the door, and this speech followed: "Law bless you, sah, I knowed you in a minute! I told the conductah so. Laws, I knowed you the minute I set eyes on you." "Is that so, my boy (handing him a quadruple fee); well, who am I?" "General McClellan!" and he disappeared again. My companion said, vinegarishly, "Well, what do you say now?"

Right there comes in the marvelous coincidence I mentioned a week ago, viz., I was—speechless. And that is my condition now. Perceive it?

THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seems to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight
 From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,

THE BELLS

What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove, that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
Oh! from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells,
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
On the future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
 Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh! the bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horrid outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clangling,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!
 Hear the tolling of the bells,
 Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah! the people!
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone:
 They are neither man nor woman,
 They are neither brute nor human;
 They are ghouls;
 And their king it is who tolls
 And he rolls
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells;
 Keeping time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells,
 Keeping time
 As he knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

J. G. HOLLAND.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching:
 how many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty
 full regiments, every man of which will, before
 twelve months shall have completed their course, lie
 down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year dur-
 ing the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice;

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children.. "Tramp, tramp, tramp"—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp, comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, covering every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast—so incalculably vast—that the only wonder is that the American people do not rise as one man and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer.

A hue-and-cry is raised about woman-suffrage, as

if any wrong which may be involved in woman's lack of the suffrage could be compared to the wrongs attached to the liquor interest!

Does any sane woman doubt that women are suffering a thousand times more from rum than from any political disability?

The truth is that there is no question before the American people to-day that begins to match in importance the temperance question. The question of American slavery was never anything but a baby by the side of this; and we prophesy that within ten years, if not within five, the whole country will be awake to it, and divided upon it. The organizations of the liquor interest, the vast funds at its command, the universal feeling among those whose business is pitted against the national prosperity and the public morals—these are enough to show that, upon one side of this matter, at least, the present condition of things and the social and political questions that lie in the immediate future are apprehended. The liquor interest knows there is to be a great struggle, and is preparing to meet it. People both in this country and in Great Britain are beginning to see the enormity of this business—are beginning to realize that Christian civilization is actually poisoned at its fountain, and that there can be no purification of it until the source of the poison is dried up.

Temperance laws are being passed by the various Legislatures, which they must sustain, or go over, soul and body, to the liquor interest and influence. Steps are being taken on behalf of the public health, morals, and prosperity, which they must approve by voice and act, or they must consent to be left behind and left out. There can be no concession and no compromise on the part of temperance men, and no quarter to the foe. The great curse of our country and our race must be destroyed.

THE BUMBLEBEE

Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp, sounds on,—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death.

THE BUMBLEBEE.

JOSH BILLINGS.

THE bumblebee iz a kind ov big fly who goes muttering and swareing around the lots, during the summer, looking after little boys to sting them, and stealing hunny out ov the dandylions and thissells. He iz mad all the time about sumthing, and don't seem to kare a kuss what people think ov him. A skoolboy will studdy harder enny time to find a bumblebee's nest than he will to get hiz lesson in arithmetik, and when he haz found it, and got the hunny out ov it, and got badly stung into the bargin, he finds thare ain't mutch margin in it. Next to poor molassis, bumblebee hunny iz the poorest kind ov sweetmeats in market. Bumblebees hav allwuss been in 'fashion, and probably allwuss will be, but whare the fun or proffit lays in them i never could cypher out. The proffit don't seem to be in the hunny, nor in the bumblebee neither. They bild their nest in the ground, or enny whare else they take a noshun to. It ain't afraide to fite a whole distrikt skool if they meddle with them. I don't blame the

bumblebee, nor enny other fellow, for defending hiz sugar: it iz the fust and last Law ov natur, and i hope the law won't never run out. The smartest thing about the bumblebee iz their stinger.

FUNERAL OF THE FLOWERS.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

"THE summer is ended, and we shall soon all be invited to attend the Funeral of the Flowers. It was on a long slope which at one side dipped into the warm valleys, and on the other side arose very high into the frosty air, so that on one boundary line lived cactus and orange-blossom and camellia, and on the other resided balsam-pine and Alpine strawberry, and all kinds of growths between, that the Funeral of the Flowers occurred.

"Living midway that steep slope of land there was a rose, that in common parlance we called 'Giant of Battle.' It was red and fiery, looking as if it had stood on fields of carnage where the blood dashed to the lip. It was a hero among flowers. Many of the grasses of the field worshiped it as a god, the mignonette burning incense beneath it, the marigold throwing glittering rays of beauty before it, the mistletoe crawling at its feet. The fame of this Giant of Battle was world-wide, and some said that its ancestors on the father's side had stood on the plains of Waterloo, and on its mother's side at Magenta, and drank themselves drunk on human gore. But children are not to blame for what their ancestors do, and this rose, called Giant of Battle, was universally adored.

"But the Giant got sick. Whether it was from the poisonous breath of the Nightshade that had insolently kissed him, or from grief at the loss of a

FUNERAL OF THE FLOWERS

Damask-rose that had first won his heart by her blushes, and then died, we know not; but the Giant of Battle was passing rapidly away. There was great excitement up and down the slopes. A consultation of botanical physicians was called, and Doctor Englantine came and thrust a thorn for a lancet into the Giant's veins, on the principle that he had too much blood and was apoplectic, and Doctor Balm of Gilead attempted to heal the pain by poultices; but still the Giant grew worse and worse. The Primrose called in the evening to see how the dying hero was, and the Morning Glory stopped before breakfast to see if it could do any good. Every flower or grass that called had a prescription for him that would surely cure. Neighbor Horse-sorrel suggested acids, and Honeysuckle proposed sugars, and Myrrh suggested bitters, and Ladies-slipper, having taken off her shoes, said that all the patient wanted was more quiet about the room.

"But too much changing of medicine only made the Giant more and more sick, and one afternoon, while sitting up in bed with the cup of honeysuckle to his lips, and with the fan of the South wind fluttering in his face, his head dropped and he died. As the breath went out of him a Clematis that had been overlooking the sad scene, said, 'What time is it?' and a cluster of Four-o'clocks answered, 'A little past the middle of the afternoon.'

"The next morning the funeral bells all rang: the Blue-bells and the Canterbury-bells and the Fox-glove-bells and Hare-bells and all flowerdom came to the obsequies of the Giant of Battle. He was laid out on a trellis, and on a catafalque, such as dead monarchs never had, of dahlia and phlox and magnolia and geranium and gladiola. There was a great audience of flowers. Solemnity came down upon them. Even the Cock's-comb stopped strutting, and Larkspur ceased her fickleness, and Snap-

dragon looked gentle, and Snowdrop seemed to melt, and Bachelor's button wished it had someone to express its grief to. The Passion-flower came in and threw herself on the pale cheek of the Giant with most ardent demonstration of affection. Amaranth and Hydrangea and Daffodil and Spiderwort and Spirea having come far through the night and dew, stood around with their eyes full of tears.

"The funeral services began. Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley took part in them. The Star of Bethlehem sang a hymn to the tune of Bonny Doon. A Forget-Me-Not said a few words of commemoration. Then Heartsease arose from the work of comfort, and read the lesson of the day: 'As a flower of the field so he flourished. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.' And all the bells, Fox-glove-bells and Blue-Bells and Canterbury-bells and Hare-bells, prolonged the strain through all that day, tolling and tolling out, 'No more! no more!' And thus ended the Funeral of the Flowers."

MY PSALM.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear;
 But, grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land,
 To harvest weed and tare;
 The manna dropping from God's hand
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
 Aside the toiling oar;
 The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at my door.

ORATION AT GETTYSBURG

And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

ORATION AT GETTYSBURG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOURESCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of

freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

PRAYING FOR SHOES.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

ON a dark November morning,
A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,
The peace of her pure young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop-window,
An urchin timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook, and a yearning look,
Was mistily glancing in

At the rows and various clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread;
Some, shimmering keen, but of somber sheen;
Some, purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured;
But of what, she could not hear,
And oft on his folded hands would fall
The round and bitter tear.

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,
In a voice like the May-wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet,

"I was praying for shoes," he answered:
"(Just look at the splendid show!)
I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so!"

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS

She led him, in museful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light,
That flickered and danced before!

And there he was washed and tended,
And his small brown feet were shod;
And he pondered there on his childish prayer,
And the marvelous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strangely from shop and shelf,
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking on God Himself.

The lady bent over and whispered:
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started and his soul flashed forth
In a gratitude swift and glad.

"Happy?—Oh, yes!—I am happy!"
Then (wonder with reverence rife,
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low),
"Please tell me: Are you God's wife?"

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS.

A HARD-SHELL BAPTIST SERMON.

JOSH A. MORRIS.

I MAY say to you, my brething, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one of them as believes that edication is necessary for a Gospel minister, for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edicated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits bigger congregations nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brething, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must

say to you, my brethring, that I'm a Hard-shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard-shell Baptists, but I'd rather have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethring, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethring, and although I've been a preacher of the Gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capting of the flat-boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethring.

I am not gwine to tell edzactly whar my tex may be found; suffice to say, it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhar between the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and search the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

My tex, my brethring, leads me to speak of sperits. Now, thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fuss place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, and thar's the sperits of turpentine, and thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artikel of them kind of sperits on my flatboat as ever was fotch down the Mississippi River; but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex says, "He played on a harp uv a *t-h-o-u-s-and* strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

But I tell you the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex is FIRE. That's the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, my brethring. Now, thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fuss place, there's the common sort of fire you light your cigar or pipe with, and then thar's foxfire and camphire,

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS

fire before you're ready, and fire and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex says, "He played on the harp uv a *thousand strings*, sperits of jest men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is meant in the tex, my brethrинг—it's **HELL FIRE!** an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a *thousand strings*, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place, we have the Piscapalions, an' they are a high-sailin' and high-falutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard that flies up into the air, and he goes up, and up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down, and down, and down, and is a-fillin' himself on the carkiss of a dead hoss by the side of the road, and "He played on a harp uv a *thousand strings*, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis beleeves in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally, on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he cums kerflumix, and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallen from grace, ah! and "He played on a harp uv a *thousand strings*, sperits of jest men made perfeck."

And then, my brethrинг, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they have been likened unto a 'possum on a 'simmon tree, and thunders may roll and the earth may quake, but that 'possum clings thar still, ah! and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's

thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and clings, and he clings furever, for "He played on the harp uv a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study, I see, in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith, with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

TEMPERANCE

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

TEMPERANCE.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

I HAVE come before you this beautiful Sabbath afternoon not to speak to you about political parties nor about the details of legislation. I come to speak to you, if possible, heart to heart, soul to soul, not to denounce, but, if possible, to persuade. I come not to demand, but plead with every one of you. I come to speak for that liberty which makes us free; that liberty which elevates body and soul above the thraldom of the intoxicating cup. We have passed through scenes that have rocked this land to its center, on the question whether human slavery should continue on our soil. It was but the slavery of the body. It was but for this life. But the slavery against which I speak to-day is the slavery not only of soul and body and talent and heart for this life, but is a slavery which goes beyond the gates of the tomb to an unending eternity.

We speak of the horrors of war, and there are horrors in war. Carnage, and bloodshed, and mutilation, and broken frames, and empty sleeves, and

widows' weeds, and children's woes, and enormous debts and grinding taxation, all come from war, though war may be a necessity for saving a nation's life. But it fails in all its horrors, compared with those that flow from intoxication. We shudder at the ravages of pestilence, and famine, but they sink into insignificance when compared with the sorrow and anguish that follow in the trail of this conqueror of fallen humanity.

I see before me many distinguished in political, social, and business life; and some of them I fear are to-day voluntarily enrolled in the great army of moderate drinkers. When you appeal to them to give the force of their influence and example to the prevention of the evil their answer is that they have strength to resist—they can quit when they please. Possibly you may have, but before you all I can frankly acknowledge, from what I have seen in public and private life, that I dare not touch or taste or handle the wine bowl. You say you are strong. I can point you to those stronger tenfold over than you, who began as you have, and who lost the power of resistance before they knew they were in the power of the tempter. This demon, like death, seems to love a shining mark. He only is fortified who has determined not to yield to the first temptation.

There is but one class whence he has never drawn a victim. That class has defied him, and will to the end. It is we who stand, God helping us, with our feet on this rock of safety, against which the waves may dash, but they shall dash in vain. I implore you to come and stand with us. I plead with you to come, for I believe that all mankind are my brethren. I believe in the fatherhood of God and in the brotherhood of man. And when I see an inebriate reeling along the streets I feel that, though debased and fallen, he is my brother still, created in

TEMPERANCE

the image of God, destined to an eternal hereafter, and it should be your duty and mine to take him by the hand and seek to place his feet on the same rock on which we stand.

That is what gave such a wonderful triumph to the Washingtonians, this recognizing the duty of individual responsibility. How many of you have gone to your fellow-man when you have seen him on the shores of destruction, and tried to save him? Not one! Not one! How dare you on your knees ask God to bless you and yours, when you have not thus proved that you love your neighbor as yourself! This duty should be impressed on your souls by your ministers in the pulpit, by your writers, in the public press. More than all things else in the land we need a temperance revival. Whom would it harm? No one.

But come down to the individual home of the man who has become a slave to this demon. Do you find happiness there? Do you find contentment, prosperity? Ah, no. Do you find the wife's cheek lighting up with joy as her husband comes home when the shadows lengthen? Ah, no; her cheek pales at the step of him who pledged her a life of devotion for the love she gave to him. All things are warning you to beware of yielding to this evil. The Scriptures, the men reeling in their cups, your poor-houses, your prisons, the forsaken wives, all cry "beware!" In the language of an eminent champion of temperance, "When drink can easily be given up by you, give it up for the sake of your example on others; if it be difficult to give it up, give it up for your own sake."

Choose you this day whether you will stand with us on this rock, defying the snares, and evil, and misery, and woe, and desolation of the tempter, or whether, pursuing your present habit, you will go down the easy descent, till at last, dishonored, and

disgraced, having lost the respect of others, and your own self-respect, you end a miserable and gloomy life by a home in the tomb, from which there is, if inspiration be true, no resurrection that shall take you to a better land.

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY.

HENRY PETERSON.

B RING flowers to strew again
 With fragrant purple rain
 Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
 The dwelling of our dead, our glorious dead!
 Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
 And wild war-music bring anew the time
 When they who sleep beneath
 Were full of vigorous breath,
 And in their lusty manhood sallied forth,
 Holding in strong right hand
 The fortunes of the land,
 The pride and power and safety of the North!
 It seems but yesterday
 The long and proud array—
 But yesterday when ev'n the solid rock
 Shook as with earthquake shock,—
 As North and South, like two huge icebergs, ground
 Against each other with convulsive bound,
 And the whole world stood still
 To view the mighty war,
 And hear the thunderous roar,
 While sheeted lightnings wrapped each plain and hill.

Alas! how few came back
 From battle and from wrack!
 Alas! how many lie
 Beneath a Southern sky,
 Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
 And all they fought for won.
 Sweeter, I think their sleep,
 More peaceful and more deep,
 Could they but know their wounds were not in vain,
 Could they but hear the grand triumphal strain,

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY

And see their homes unmarred by hostile tread.
Ah! let us trust it is so with our dead—
That they the thrilling joy of triumph feel,
And in that joy disdain the foeman's steel.

We mourn for all, but each doth think of one
More precious to the heart than aught beside—
Some father, brother, husband, or some son
Who came not back, or coming, sank and died,—
In him the whole sad list is glorified!
“He fell 'fore Richmond, in the seven long days
When battle raged from morn till blood-dewed eve,
And lies there,” one pale, widowed mourner says,
And knows not most to triumph or to grieve.
“My boy fell at Fair Oaks,” another sighs;
“And mine at Gettysburg!” his neighbor cries,
And that great name each sad-eyed listener thrills.
I think of one who vanished when the press
Of battle surged along the Wilderness,
And mourned the North upon her thousand hills.

Oh! gallant brothers of the generous South,
Foes for a day and brothers for all time,
I charge you by the memories of our youth,
By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime,
Hold our dead sacred—let them quietly rest
In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best!
Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
And o'er their graves a 'broidered mantle weave;
Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,
And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye! O Northmen! be ye not outdone
In generous thought and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
And they that give shall find it in their need.
Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
Who died for a lost cause—
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave
Ne'er won a world's applause!
(A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.)
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
Some wife or mother looked with longing eyes
Through the sad days and nights with tears and
sighs,—

Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share;
Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

Yes, bring fresh flowers and strew the soldier's grave,
Whether he proudly lies beneath our Northern skies,
Or where the Southern palms their branches wave!
Let the bells toll and wild war-music swell,
And for one day the thought of all the past—
Of all those memories vast—
Come back and haunt us with its mighty spell!
Bring flowers, then, once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead.

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high,
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege at Lucknow—
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
“Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!”
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence, the best of the brave:
Cold were his brows when we kissed him—we laid him that night in his grave.

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW

"Every man die at his post!" and there hailed on our houses and walls
Death from their rifle bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing through it, their shot and their shell.
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke through the brain that could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round;
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by the tide—
So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
Kill or be killed, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapped with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foiled at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day
fewer and fewer.
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to
which they had clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter, we drive them
with hand grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do.
We can fight;
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all through the
night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying
alarms;
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and
soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-
holes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in
the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract
skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of
flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an Eng-
lish field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not
be healed,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save
us a life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment
for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled or beaten, or butchered, for all that
we knew—
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the
still shattered walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-
balls—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.
Hark! cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by
the scout?

APOSTROPHE TO COLD WATER

Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the
fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our
ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquer-
ing cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our women
and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good
fusileers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet
with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch! saved! we are saved; is it you?
is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing
of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-
seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of
England blew.

APOSTROPHE TO COLD WATER.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

PAUL DENTON, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd walked up to him, and cried out: "Mr. Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"THERE!" answered the preacher, in tones of thunder, pointing his motionless finger at a spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth.

"THERE," he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the sim-

mering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, *there* God brews it; and *down*, low *down* in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunderstorms crash; and far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big wave rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God—*there* He brews it, that beverage of life—health-giving water.

“And *everywhere* it is a thing of life and beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the glacier; folding its bright snow-curtain softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored bow, that seraph’s zone of the siren—whose warp is the raindrops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

“Still *always* it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poisonous bubbles are on its brink; its foam brings not *madness* and *murder*; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard’s shrinking ghost, from the grave, curses it in the worlds of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends: would you exchange it for the *demon’s* drink, **ALCOHOL?**” *A shout like the roar of a tempest, answered, “No!”*

EARLY RISING.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

"**G**OD bless the man who first invented sleep!"
 So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
 And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
 His great discovery to himself; nor try
 To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
 A close monopoly by patent right!

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
 (I really can't avoid the iteration);
 But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
 Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
 Who first invented, and went round advising,
 That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
 Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
 Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
 But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
 Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
 And whether larks have any bed at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
 Is in the morning, if I reason right;
 And he who cannot keep his precious head
 Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
 And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
 Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thomison, who sung about the "Seasons," said
 It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
 But then he said it—*lying*—in his bed,
 At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason
 He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
 Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
 But when, alas! a nice review we take
 Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
 The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
 Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cozily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross the tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a somber hue was made.
"My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in.
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven all round might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped, as you see me now."

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right.
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd;
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;
That is the false and this is the true"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak;
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men':
For have you not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all'?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met:
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

No forms of crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

—Anon.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver.
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

AN INTERESTING TRAVELING COMPANION.

M. QUAD.

MANY men think a railroad journey is rendered really pleasant by the companionship of an unprotected female. She insisted on counting her bandbox and traveling bag as we got seated. She counted. There were just two. I counted and made no more nor less. Then she wanted her parasol put into the rack, her shawl folded up, and her bandbox counted again. I counted it. There was just exactly one bandbox of it. As we got started she wanted to know if I was sure that we were on the right road to Detroit. I was sure. Then she wanted her traveling bag counted. I counted it once more. By this time she wanted the window up, and asked me if it was not a very hot day. I said it was. Then she felt for her money and found it was safe, though she was sure that she had lost it. While counting it she related how Mrs.

Graff, in going East five years ago, lost her purse and three dollars. She wound up the story by asking me if it wasn't a hot day. I said it was. Then she wanted the bandbox counted, and I counted him. He was still one bandbox. There was a pause of five minutes, and then she wanted a drink. I got it for her. Then she wanted to know if we were on the right road to Detroit. I assured her that I was positive of the fact. The brakeman here called out the name of a station in such an indistinct manner that the lady wanted me to go and see what the name really was. I went. It was Calumet. She wanted to know if I was sure that it was Calumet, and I put my hand on my sacred heart and assured her that I would perish sooner than deceive her. By this time she wanted the traveling bag counted, and I counted her. She figured up as before. I had just finished counting when she wanted to know if I didn't think it was a hot day. I told her I did. We got along very well for the next half hour, as I got her to narrating a story about how she got lost in the woods eighteen years before; but as soon as she finished it she wanted to know if I was sure that we were on the right road to Detroit. I told her that I hoped to perish with the liars if we were not, and she was satisfied. Then the parasol fell down; she wanted me to change a ten-cent piece, and the window had to go down. When we got down to Marshall she wanted to know if the place wasn't named after court-martial, and whether it wasn't barely possible that the station was Niles, instead of Marshall. The bandbox was counted again, and he was just one. Then the window went up, and she asked me if, in my opinion, it wasn't a hot day. I replied that it was. Then she related a story about her uncle, another about a young lady who had been deaf several years. During that day I counted that bandbox three hundred times, raised the window

thirty times, said it was a hot day until my tongue was blistered, arranged that parasol twenty-one times, got her sixteen drinks of water, and inquired the names of thirteen stations. She said it was so nice to have a man in whom a stranger could place confidence, and I dared not reply, for fear of bringing out another story. When we reached Detroit, I counted the things three times over, and helped her off the cars, got her a hack, directed her to a hotel, told her the street, price, name of the landlord, head waiter, porter, and cook; assured her that she would not be robbed or murdered; that it had been a hot day; that Detroit had a population of one hundred thousand; that the fall term of school had commenced; that all Detroit hack drivers were honest and obliging. Poor woman, I hope the landlord did not get out of patience with her artless ways.

THE FALL OF WOLSEY.

SHAKESPEARE.

FAREWELL! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders.
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin.

TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS

More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's.
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And—pr'ythee lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the King's: my robe.
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS.

TO begin with, it doesn't look well when a young man crooks his arms and thrusts his hands into his pockets, making a figure eight of himself, and then stands up against the sunny side of the house like a rooster in December. How would the girls look all turned into eights and leaning against the wall,—your sisters and your young lady friends?

How would your mother look in that posture? Catch her doing it! You don't find her hands in her pockets,—your mother's hands! While you are loafing, they are the hands that sew and bake and stew and fry and sweep and darn and nurse. But she doesn't sink them in her pockets and then loll against a building. Are your hands cold? Warm them up at the end of the hoe handle and the scythe. Swing the hammer; drive the plane; flourish the ax. There is untold caloric about a spade, a trowel, a wrench. Besides, pocket heat is not profitable. Have you money there, though? Are your pockets the safes in which you have hidden treasure? And are your hands the bolts that secure the safe doors? Money may be there to-day, but it won't be a guest over to-morrow night. An idler's money is apt to leap out of his pocket. It is likely to go for a pipe, a cigar, a tobacco plug, a mug of ale. There is no money in pocket-warming. Girard did not keep his hands in his pockets. Stewart did not keep his hands in his pockets. Astor did not keep his hands in his pockets. Benjamin Franklin, Horace Greeley and Cornelius Vanderbilt were not pocket-warmers.

Take your hands out of your pockets, young men, you are losing time: Time is valuable. People feel it at the other end of the line, when death is near and eternity is pressing them into such small quarters. The work of this life craves hours, days, weeks, years. If those at this end of the line, if youth with its abundance of resources, would only feel that time is precious! Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nugget of gold. It is time in whose invaluable moments we build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, launch our ships, dig our canals, run our factories. You might have planted twenty hills of potatoes while I have been talking to you, young man.

Take your hands out of your pockets. The world

wants those hands. The world is not dead, asleep under the Pyramids, a mummy by the Nile. The world is alive, wide awake, pushing, struggling, going ahead. The world wants those hands. You need not take them out of America. They can find a market here at home. The country wants those hands, selling dry goods in New York, cradling wheat in Minnesota, raising cotton in Alabama, weaving cloth in Lowell, picking oranges in Florida, digging gold in Colorado, catching mackerel from the deck of a down-east fishing smack. Take your hands out of your pockets. And what a laudable thing it is to meet the wants of society and do your best!

When you are an old man, what an honorable thing your hand will be! Did you ever think of the dignity investing the wrinkled hand of an old worker? It has been so useful, lifted so many burdens, and wrought in such honorable service. Who wants a hand without a character when old age comes? A soft, flabby, do-nothing hand? You are willing to work, you say, but can't find anything to do? Nothing to do! Do the first thing that comes along. Saw wood, get in coal, go on errands. In short, do anything honest with your hands; but *don't* let them loaf in your pockets.

—*Anon.*

FOURTH OF JULY, 1851.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

ON the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their

cause, and the protection of Providence—and yet not without deep solicitude and anxiety—has stood for seventy-five years, and still stands. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers and overcome them; it has had enemies, and it has conquered them; it has had detractors, and it has abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, to-day raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love, and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed, with profound admiration. This anniversary animates and gladdens, and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all in all, nothing but Americans. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather, and all noxious exhalations in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him—every man's port and bearing become somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations. If Washington were now amongst us—and if we could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own days—patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen—and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us—"Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors,

AFTER DEATH

and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous—you are happy—you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty as you love it—cherish its securities as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, your country, and your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all succeeding generations honor you as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity."

AFTER DEATH.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

*He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.*

FAITHFUL friends! *It lies, I know,*
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
"I am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not 'I.' "

Sweet friends! what the women leave
For its last bed of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,

Is a cage, from which at last,
 Like a hawk, my soul hath passed ;
 Love the inmate, not the room ;
 The weaver, not the garb ; the plume
 Of the falcon, not the bars
 Which kept him from the splendid stars !

Loving friends ! be wise, and dry
 Straightway every weeping eye :
 What ye lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a wistful tear.
 'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
 Out of which the pearl has gone :
 The shell is broken—it lies there ;
 The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
 'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of his treasury,
 A mind that loved him ; let it lie !
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in his store !

Allah glorious ! Allah good !
 Now thy world is understood ;
 Now the long, long wonder ends !
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 In unspoken bliss, instead,
 Lives and loves you ; lost, 'tis true,
 By such light as shines for you ;
 But in light ye cannot see,
 Of unfilled felicity—
 In enlarging paradise—
 Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! Yet not farewell ;
 Where I am ye too shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face
 A moment's time, a little space ;
 When ye come where I have stepped
 Ye will wonder why ye wept ;
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all, and there is naught.
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
 Sunshine still must follow rain—
 Only not at death ; for death,
 Now I know, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life center.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

Be ye certain all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!

*He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.*

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewash'd halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know:
Somebody's hand had rested there,
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best; he has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he march'd away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to their heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

—Anon.

THE MASSACRE OF CHURCH MUSIC.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

THREE has been an effort made for the last twenty years to kill congregational singing. The attempt has been tolerably successful; but it seems to me that some rules might be given by which the work could be done more quickly, and completely. What is the use of having it lingering on in this uncertain way? Why not put it out of its misery? If you are going to kill a snake, kill it thoroughly, and do not let it keep on wagging its tail till sundown. Congregational singing is a nuisance, anyhow, to many of the people. It interferes with their comfort. It offends their taste. It disposes their nose to flexibility in the upward direction. It is too democratic in its tendency. Down with congregational singing, and let us have no more of it.

The first rule for killing it is to have only such tunes as the people cannot sing!

In some churches it is the custom for choirs at each service to sing one tune which the people know. It is very generous of the choir to do that. The people ought to be very thankful for the donation. They do not deserve it. They are all "miserable

offenders" (I heard them say so), and, if permitted once in a service to sing, ought to think themselves highly favored. But I oppose this singing of even the one tune that the people understand. It spoils them. It gets them hankering after more. Total abstinence is the only safety; for if you allow them to imbibe at all, they will after a while get in the habit of drinking too much of it, and the first thing you know they will be going around drunk on sacred psalmody.

Besides that, if you let them sing one tune at a service, they will be putting their oar into the other tunes and bothering the choir. There is nothing more annoying to the choir than, at some moment when they have drawn out a note to exquisite fineness, thin as a split hair, to have some blundering elder to come in with a "Praise ye the Lord!" Total abstinence, I say! Let all the churches take the pledge even against the milder musical beverages; for they who tamper with champagne cider soon get to Hock and old Burgundy.

Now, if all the tunes are new, there will be no temptation to the people. They will not keep humming along, hoping they will find some bars down where they can break into the clover pasture. They will take the tune as an inextricable conundrum, and give it up. Besides that, Pisgah, Ortonville and Brattle Street are old fashioned. They did very well in their day. Our fathers were simple-minded people, and the tunes fitted them. But our fathers are gone, and they ought to have taken their baggage with them. It is a nuisance to have those old tunes floating around the church, and sometime, just as we have got the music as fine as an opera, to have a revival of religion come, and some new-born soul break out in "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me!" till the organist stamps the pedal with indignation, and the leader of the tune gets red in the face and swears.

Certainly anything that makes a man swear is wrong —ergo, congregational singing is wrong. “Quod erat demonstrandum;” which, being translated, means “Plain as the nose on a man’s face.”

What right have people to sing who know nothing about rhythmics, melodies, dynamics? The old tunes ought to be ashamed of themselves when compared with our modern beauties. Let Dundee, and Portuguese Hymn, and Silver Street hide their heads beside what we heard not long ago in a church—just where I shall not tell. The minister read the hymn beautifully. The organ began, and the choir sang, as near as I could understand, as follows:

Oo—aw—gee—bah
 Ah—me—la—he
 O—pah—sah—dah
 Wo—haw—gee-e-e-e.

My wife, seated beside me, did not like the music. But I said: “What beautiful sentiment! My dear, it is a pastoral. You might have known that from ‘Wo-haw-gee!’ You have had your taste ruined by attending the Brooklyn Tabernacle.” The choir repeated the last line of the hymn four times. Then the prima donna leaped on to the first line, and slipped, and fell on to the second, and that broke and let her through into the third. The other voices came in to pick her up, and got into a grand wrangle, and the bass and the soprano had it for about ten seconds; but the soprano beat (women always do), and the bass rolled down into the cellar, and the soprano went up into the garret, but the latter kept on squalling as though the bass, in leaving her, had wickedly torn out all her back hair. I felt anxious about the soprano, and looked back to see if she had fainted; but found her reclining in the arms of a young man who looked strong enough to take care of her.

Now, I admit that we cannot all have such things

THE MASSACRE OF CHURCH MUSIC

in our churches. It costs like sixty. In the Church of the Holy Bankak it costs one hundred dollars to have sung that communion piece:

"Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor!"

But let us come as near to it as we can. The tune "Pisgah" has been standing long enough on "Jordan's stormy banks." Let it pass over and get out of the wet weather. Good-by, "Antioch," "Harrowell" and "Boylston." Good-by till we meet in glory.

But if the prescription of new tunes does not end congregational singing, I have another suggestion. Get an irreligious choir, and put them in a high balcony back of the congregation. I know choirs who are made up chiefly of religious people, or those, at least, respectful for sacred things. That will never do, if you want to kill the music. The theatrical troupe are not busy elsewhere on Sabbath, and you can get them at half price to sing the praises of the Lord. Meet them in the green room at the close of the "Black Crook" and secure them. They will come to church with opera-glasses, which will bring the minister so near to them they can, from their high perch, look clear down his throat and see his sermon before it is delivered. They will make excellent poetry on Deacon Goodsoul as he carries around the missionary box. They will write dear little notes to Gonzaldo, asking him how his cold is and how he likes gum-drops. Without interfering with the worship below, they can discuss the comparative fashionableness of the "basque" and the "polonaise," the one lady vowing she thinks the first style is "horrid," and the other saying she would rather die than be seen in the latter; all this while the chorister is gone out during sermon to refresh himself with a mint-julep, hastening back in time to sing the last hymn. How much like heaven it will

be when, at the close of a solemn service, we are favored with snatches from Verdi's "Trovatore," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" and Bellini's "Sonnamula," from such artists as

Mademoiselle Quintelle,
Prima Donna Soprano, from Grand Opera House,
Paris.

Signor Bombastani,
Basso Buffo, from Royal Italian Opera.

Carl Schneiderine,
First Baritone, of His Majesty's Theater, Berlin.

If after three months of taking these two prescriptions the congregational singing is not thoroughly dead, send me a letter directed to my name, with the title of O. F. M. (Old Fog in Music), and I will, on the receipt thereof, write another prescription, which I am sure will kill it dead as a door nail, and that is the deadliest thing in all history.

REUBEN JAMES.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

THREE ships of war had Preble when he left the Naples shore,

And the knightly king of Naples lent him seven galleys more;

And never since the Argo floated in the middle sea
Such noble men and valiant have sailed in company
As the men who went with Preble to the siege of
Tripoli.

Stewart, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, how their names
ring out like gold!—

Lawrence, Porter, Trippe, Macdonough, and a score as
true and bold;

Every star that lights their banner tells the glory that
they won;

But one common sailor's glory is the splendor of the
sun.

REUBEN JAMES

Reuben James was first to follow when Decatur laid
aboard
Of the lofty Turkish galley and in battle broke his
sword.
Then the pirate captain smote him, till his blood was
running fast,
And they grappled and they struggled, and they fell be-
side the mast.
Close behind him Reuben battled with a dozen, undis-
mayed,
Till a bullet broke his sword arm, and he dropped the
useless blade..
Then a swinging Turkish saber clove his left and
brought him low,
Like a gallant bark dismasted, at the mercy of the foe.
Little mercy knows the corsair; high his blade was
raised to slay,
When a richer prize allured him where Decatur strug-
gling lay.
"Help!" the Turkish leader shouted, and his trusty
comrade sprung,
And his scimetar like lightning o'er the Yankee cap-
tain swung.

Reuben James, disarmed, armless, saw the saber flash
on high,
Saw Decatur shrink before it, heard the pirate's taunt-
ing cry,
Saw, in half the time I tell it, how a sailor brave and
true
Still might show a bloody pirate what a dying man can
do.
Quick he struggled, stumbling, sliding, in the blood
around his feet,
As the Turk a moment waited to make vengeance
doubly sweet.
Swift the saber fell, but swifter bent the sailor's head
below,
And upon his fenseless forehead Reuben James received
the blow!
So was saved our brave Decatur; so the common sailor
died;
So the love that moves the lowly lifts the great to
fame and pride.
Yet we grudge him not his honors for whom love like
this had birth,
For God never ranks His sailors by the register of
earth!

NOBODY'S CHILD.

PHILA H. CASE.

A LONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
 With my torn old dress, and bare, cold feet,
 All day have I wandered to and fro,
 Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go ;
 The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
 And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head.
 Oh ! why does the wind blow upon me so wild ?
 Is it because I am nobody's child ?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
 And warmth, and beauty, and all things bright ;
 Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
 Are caroling songs in their rapture there.
 I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
 Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
 Wandering alone in the merciless street,
 Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat ?

Oh ! what shall I do when the night comes down
 In its terrible blackness all over the town ?
 Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
 On the cold, hard pavement, alone to die,
 When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
 And their mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed ?
 For no dear mother on me ever smiled.
 Why is it, I wonder, I'm nobody's child ?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one .
 In all the world loves me, e'en the little dogs run
 When I wander too near them ; 'tis wondrous to see
 How everything shrinks from a beggar like me !
 Perhaps 'tis a dream ; but sometimes, when I lie
 Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
 Watching for hours some large bright star,
 I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
 Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings ;
 A hand that is strangely soft and fair
 Caresses gently my tangled hair,

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear, pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

They tell me of such unbounded love,
And bid me come up to their home above;
And then with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet tender eyes,
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night
I am going up to that world of light;
And away from the hunger and storm so wild;
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THOMAS INGOLDSBY (REV. R. H. BARHAM).

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair;
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!
With saucy air, he perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say.
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!" . . .

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne :
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the slight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :

From his finger he draws his costly turquoise ;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,

Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, and *no end* of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out :

The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew off each plum-color'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;

He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels ;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates.—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,—

They turn up the rugs, they examine the mugs :—

But, no!—no such thing ;—They can't find THE
RING!

And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of evil, and wake in a fright :

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!

But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn;
When the sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"

Slower and slower, he limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
When the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,

Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!
Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;

The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!—

When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.

He grew sleek and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more even than before:
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopp'd now about with a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.

If anyone lied,—or if anyone swore,—
 Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happened to snore,
 That good Jackdaw would give a great "Caw,"
 As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
 While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
 That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
 He long lived the pride of that country side,
 And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
 When, as words were too faint, his merits to paint,
 The Conclave determined to make him a Saint!
 And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
 It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
 So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

LABOR.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THREE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim, brute powers of Fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the pos-

A LESSON TO LOVERS

sibilities are diffused through immensity—undiscoverable, except to Faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals!

A LESSON TO LOVERS.

SHE, with a milk pail on her arm,
Turns aside, her young cheeks glowing,
As down the lane with slow, dull tread
The drove of cows are homeward going.
“Bessie,” he said; at the sound she turned,
Her blue eyes full of childish wonder;
“My mother is feeble and lame and old—
I need a wife at my farm-house yonder.

“My heart is lonely, my home is drear,
I need your presence ever near me;
Will you be my guardian angel, dear,
Queen of my household, to guide and cheer me?”
“It has a pleasant sound,” she said,
“A household queen, a guiding spirit.
To warm your heart and cheer your home,
And keep the sunshine ever near it.
But I am only a simple child,
So my mother says in her daily chiding,
And what must a guardian angel do
When she first begins her work of guiding?”

“Well first, dear Bessie, a smiling face
Is dearer far than rarest beauty.
And my mother, fretful, lame and old,
Requires a daughter’s loving duty.
You will see to her flannels, drops and tea,
And talk with her of lungs and liver;
Give her your cheerful service, dear,
‘The Lord He loveth a cheerful giver.’

“You will see that my breakfast is piping hot,
And rub the clothes to a snowy whiteness;
Make golden butter and flaky bread,
And polish things to a shining brightness;

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

You will darn my socks, and mend my coat,
And see that the buttons are sewed on tightly;
You will keep things cheerful and neat and sweet,
That home's altar fires may still burn brightly.

"You will read me at evening the daily news,
The tedious winter nights beguiling;
And never forget that the sweetest face
Is a cheerful face that is always smiling.
In short, you'll arrange in a general way
For a sort of sublunary heaven;
For home, dear Bessie, whate'er be said,
Is the highest sphere to a woman given."

The lark sang out to the bending sky,
The bobolink piped in the nodding rushes,
And out of the tossing clover blooms
Came the sweet, clear song of the meadow thrushes.
Young Bessie, listening, paused awhile,
Then said, with a sly glance at her neighbor,
"But, John—do you mean—that is to say,
What shall I get for all this labor?"

"To be nurse, companion, and servant girl,
To make home's altar fires burn brightly;
To wash, and iron, and scrub and cook,
And always be cheerful, neat and sprightly;
To give up liberty, home and friends,
Nay, even the name of a mother's giving;
To do all this for one's board and clothes;
Why, the life of an angel isn't worth living!"

And Bessie gayly went her way
Down through the fields of scented clover,
But never again since that summer day
Has she won a glance from her rustic lover.
The lark sings out to the bending sky,
The clouds sail on as white as ever;
The clovers toss in the summer wind,
But Bessie has lost that chance forever!

—Anon.

WASHINGTON.

THOS. JEFFERSON.

HIS mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a re-adjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions

to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity—possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in Agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of

OLD IRONSIDES

scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

OLD IRONSIDES.

O. W. HOLMES.

The frigate Constitution, whose glorious record is known to all familiar with our naval history, was saved from destruction by the following beautiful lines of Dr. Holmes, which caused the people to pause, and reconsider their determination of breaking up the nation's favorite.

A Y, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with hero's blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!—
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning, and the gale!

THE HORSE AUCTIONEER.

[In an emergency he is called in to sell a piano.]

THE regular auctioneer was ill, and in the emergency the auctioneer from the horse stables across the street consented to act in his place. A big crowd of people filled the room to bid on a lot of household goods that had been advertised for sale. A piano was the first thing offered.

"Now, ladies and gents," said the horse auctioneer, as he mounted the block, "I wish to call yer attention to dis magnificent pianer-forte. I have its pedigree here, which will be furnished to de purchaser, an' he will be surprised at what he has bought. I would call yer particular attention to its color—a beautiful mahogany bay, one of de most beautiful and desirable colors dat kin be selected. Dis pianer hasn't got spot or blemish. It is warranted to work double or single. Examine it closely for ringbone, spavin, or quarter crack. Will some one in de audience please step to de front and test its wind?"

A young man who combed his hair pompadour and had a wild look in his eyes, elbowed through the crowd and, taking a seat on the stool, ran his fingers over the keys, then through his pompadour, hitched the stool a little closer, found one of the pedals, and began to thump out a tune.

"What do you think of dat lick, ladies and gents?" said the auctioneer, as he looked triumphantly around the room. "Ever see anyt'ing purtier den dat in yer lives? Never a skip or a break. Dat gait's good fer 2.20 anywhere. Now, what am I bid? Remember, whoever buys dis pianer buys a pedigree a yard long."

The ladies in the crowd looked at the auctioneer in

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL

some wonderment, and taking this for silent admiration he directed his remarks to them:

"Now, ladies, here's a pianer dat I kin recommend to yer on de dead square. Dis is a single-foot instrument dat doesn't shy or scare at de cars. Jest as easy as a rockin' chair. Gentle as a lamb. Doesn't kick or bite. Will de gent let 'er go 'round once more for de benefit of de ladies?"

The young man on the stool "let 'er go" again, this time pounding out, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night?" and several other things of equal artistic merit.

"Now, ladies and gents," said the auctioneer, when the young man paused for breath, "dat's a performance dat speaks for itself. Remember, dis pianer is jest off of grass. Hasn't been handled for six months. What am I bid?"

But there was no bid.

The ladies went out of the room by twos, threes, and fours, and left only the men to enliven the occasion by calling out, "Let'er go once under the saddle," etc.

—*Anon.*

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

WILL CARLETON.

A BOY drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-
governed town:

And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.
His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown
and tough,

The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse
and rough,

But one there was who watched him, who long time
lingered nigh,

And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her
eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line—
 His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
 But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy.
 Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of
 her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted long and
 loud;
 And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the
 crowd;
 But from all the people round him came no word of
 reply,
 Save the little black-eyed rebel, answering from the
 corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore
 that day
 Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers
 far away,
 Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to
 gain or die;
 And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question
 through her mind,
 Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they
 might find;
 And she paused awhile and pondered, with a pretty
 little sigh
 Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewd-
 ness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red;
 "May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly
 said;
 And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was
 somewhat shy,
 And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her
 eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you
 want," quoth he;
 "I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for
 them," said she;
 And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all
 were by,
 With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her
 eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers
white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them
underneath my shawl!
Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you
are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of
her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange,
ungirlish freak,
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he
could not speak;
And, "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner
of her eye.

With the news from loved ones absent to the dear
friends they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she
glided through the street,
"There is nothing worth doing that it does not do to
try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel from the corner of
her eye.

JEAN VALJEAN.

VICTOR HUGO.

ONE evening in the beginning of October, 1815, the Bishop of D—— had remained in his bedroom until a late hour. At eight o'clock, feeling that supper was ready, and that his sister might be waiting, he closed his book, rose from the table and walked into the dining-room.

There was a loud rap at the front door. "Come in," said the Bishop. A man entered and stopped; the firelight fell on him; he was hideous. It was a sinister apparition.

"My name is Jean Valjean. I am a galley-slave, and have spent nineteen years in the bagne. I was liberated four days ago, and to-day I have marched

twelve leagues. On coming into the town I went to the inn, but was sent away in consequence of my yellow passport. I went to another inn, and the landlord said to me, 'Be off!' I went to the prison and the jailer would not take me in. I got into a dog's kennel, but the dog bit me and drove me off. I went in the fields to sleep in the starlight, but there were no stars. I thought it would rain and, as there was no God to prevent it from raining, I came back to town to sleep in a doorway. A good woman pointed to your house and said, 'Go and knock there.' I have money, one hundred francs, fifteen sous, which I earned by my nineteen years toil. I will pay. I am very tired and frightfully hungry; will you let me stay?"

"Madame Magloire, you will lay another plate, knife and fork."

"Wait a minute; that will not do. Did you not hear me say that I was a galley-slave, a convict, and had just come from the bagne? Here is my passport, which turns me out wherever I go: '*Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, has remained nineteen years at the galleys,—five years for robbing with house-breaking, fourteen years for trying to escape four times. The man is very dangerous.*' All the world has turned me out; will you give me some food and a bed? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire, you will put clean sheets on the bed in the alcove. Sit down and warm yourself, sir. We shall sup directly, and your bed will be got ready while we are supping."

"Is it true? What? You will let me stay; you will not turn me out—a convict? You call me *sir!* I really believed you would turn me out, and hence told you at once who I am. I shall have supper; a bed with mattresses and sheets like anybody else! For nineteen years I have not slept in a bed. What is your name, Mr. Landlord?"

"I am a priest living in this house."

"A priest! O, what a worthy priest! Then you do not want me to pay?"

"No, keep your money. How long did you take earning these one hundred francs?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!" The Bishop gave a deep sigh.

Madame Magloire came in bringing a silver spoon and fork, which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire, lay them as near as you can to the fire. The night breeze is sharp on the Alps, and you must be cold, sir."

Each time he said "sir" in his gentle, grave voice the man's face was illumined. "Sir" to a convict is the glass of water to the shipwrecked sailor. Ignominy thirsts for respect.

"This lamp gives a very bad light." Madame Magloire understood and fetched from the chimney of monseigneur's bedroom two silver candlesticks, which she placed on the table ready lighted.

"Monsieur le Curé, you receive me as a friend and light your wax candles for me, and yet I have not hidden from you whence I come."

The Bishop gently touched his hand.

"You need not have told me who you are; this is not my house, but the house of Christ. This door does not ask a man whether he has a name, but if he has sorrow. You are suffering, you are hungering and thirsting, and so be welcome. And do not thank me nor say that I am receiving you in my house, for no one is at home here excepting the man who is in need of an asylum. I tell you who are a passer-by, that you are more at home than I am myself. Why do I want to know your name? Besides, before you told it to me you had one which I knew."

"Is that true? You know my name?"

"Yes, you are my brother—you have suffered greatly?"

"Oh, the red jacket, the cannon ball on your foot, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, the set of men, the blows, the double chain for nothing, a dungeon for a word, even when you are ill in bed, and the chain-gang! The very dogs are happier. Nineteen years! And now I am forty-six—and the yellow passport!"

"Yes, you have come from a place of sorrow. If you leave that mournful place with thoughts of hatred and anger against your fellow man, you are worthy of pity; if you leave it with thoughts of kindness, gentleness and peace, you are worth more than any of us."

Meanwhile Madame Magloire had served the supper. The Bishop during the whole evening did not utter a word which could remind this man of what he was. He supped with Jean Valjean with the same air and in the same way as if he had been M. Gedeon le Provost or the parish curate. Was not this really charity?

The rooms were so arranged that in order to reach the oratory where the alcove was it was necessary to pass through the Bishop's bedroom. At the moment he went through this room Madame Magloire was putting away the plate in the cupboard over the bed head.

"I trust you will pass a good night," said the Bishop.

"Thank you, Monsieur l'Abbé." He suddenly turned, "What! you really lodge me so close to you as that? Who tells you that I have not committed a murder?"

"That concerns God."

The Bishop stretched out two fingers of his right hand and blessed the man, who did not bow his head, and returned to his bedroom.

As two o'clock pealed from the cathedral bell Jean Valjean awoke. One thought held his mind, the six silver forks and spoons and the great ladle which alone was worth two hundred francs, or double what he had earned in nineteen years.

When three o'clock struck it seemed to say, "To work!" He noiselessly opened his knapsack, took a bar in his right hand, walked toward the door of the adjoining room and pushed it boldly. A badly-oiled hinge suddenly uttered a hoarse prolonged cry in the darkness. Jean Valjean started, shuddering and dismayed. A few minutes passed; nothing had stirred. He heard from the end of the room the calm and regular breathing of the sleeping Bishop. Suddenly he stopped, for he was close to the bed. At this moment a cloud was rent asunder and a moonbeam suddenly illuminated the Bishop's pale face. The sleeper seemed to be surrounded by a glory. There was almost a divinity in this unconsciously august man. Jean Valjean was standing in the shadow with the crowbar in his hand, motionless and terrified. He had never seen anything like this before, and such confidence horrified him. It seemed as though he was hesitating between two abysses, the one that saves and the one that destroys. He was ready to dash out the Bishop's brain or kiss his hand. A moonbeam rendered dimly visible the crucifix over the mantelpiece; it seemed to open its arms for both, with a blessing for one and a pardon for the other. All at once Jean Valjean went straight to the cupboard, seized the plate basket, hurried across the room, opened the window, put the silver in his pocket, threw away the basket, leaped into the garden, bounded over the wall like a tiger, and fled.

The next morning at service Monseigneur was walking outside when Madame Magloire came running toward him in a state of great alarm.

"Monseigneur, the man is gone—the plate is stolen."

"Was that plate ours?" Madame Magloire was speechless.

"Madame Magloire, I had wrongfully held back this silver, which belonged to the poor. Who was this person? Evidently a poor man."

As the brother and sister were leaving the breakfast table there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop.

The door opened and a strange and violent group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar—the fourth was Jean Valjean.

Monseigneur had advanced as rapidly as his great age permitted, saying:

"Ah, there you are; I am glad to see you. Why, I gave you the candlesticks, too, which are also silver. Why did you not take them away with the rest of the plate?"

Jean Valjean looked at the Bishop with an expression no human language could describe.

"Monseigneur, then what this man told us was true. We met him and, as he looked as if he were running away, we arrested him. He had this plate."

"And he told you that it was given to him by an old priest at whose house he had passed the night? I see it all. And you brought him back here; that was a mistake."

The gendarmes loosed their hold of Jean Valjean, who tottered back.

"My friend, before you go take your candlesticks."

Jean Valjean was trembling in all his limbs; he took the candlesticks mechanically, and with wandering looks.

"Now, go in peace. By-the-by, when you return, my friend, it is unnecessary to pass through the

AT THE DOOR

garden, for you can always enter, day and night, by the front door, which is only latched."

Then turning to the gendarmes he said, "Gentlemen, you can retire."

Jean Valjean looked as if he were on the point of fainting. The Bishop walked up to him and said:

"Never forget that you have promised me to employ this money in becoming an honest man. Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God."

AT THE DOOR.

EUGENE FIELD.

I THOUGHT myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock ;
But lo ! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking, and
"Please let me in, it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate ?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"Tis I, O Father, only I!"

DICKY'S CHRISTMAS.

I LIKE Dicky. He has a nice round freckled face, and he looks good. I got 'quainted with him down at the back fence. I guess my folks didn't know much about that fence, only that yards from two streets ran back to it; but they were big, pretty houses on one street, and little old crowded ones on the other. Dicky and I found a hole in the fence, and we played store through it, and cat's cradle, and told stories. That's how I came to tell him about Christmas.

"It's at my Grandpa's house," I told him, "and we all go there—uncles, aunts and cousins—and have the best kind of a time. And such dinners! Pies and cakes—oh, ever so many kinds!—and nuts and oranges."

"We don't ever have any such Christmas at our house," said Dicky. "We don't ever have any kind. Wish I could see one."

Wouldn't you feel sorry for a little boy that didn't even see a real Christmas? He never tasted any turkey, and he didn't know what mince pie was like! I wished I could ask him to go to Grandpa's, but I guessed the big folks wouldn't like it. So I thought and thought, and when he kept wishing he "could just see one, once," I said:

"Maybe I could fix it so you could just see—if you could only slip in somewhere."

"'Fore the folks come?" asked Dicky.

Then I thought it all out real quick, for my mainma had told me she was going to the church Christmas morning, and I could go over to Grandpa's when I was dressed to stay there; and I knew all Grandpa's folks—I mean everybody but Betty and Hannah—would go to church too, so I told Dicky:

"If you will go over with me, you can hide somewhere, and nobody will see."

Dicky's face all lighted up 'most like the moon, and he said:

"All right! I won't tell anybody."

If my mamma hadn't been too busy to notice, I guess she'd have thought she had a queer little girl Christmas morning, 'cause I couldn't help running to the window, and asking what time it was, and wishing the folks would start to church. Then it seemed as if Kitty never would get me all dressed to suit her. But at last she did, and then I ran down to the back fence and called softly to Dicky to run 'round the block and meet me at the corner.

"I 'most thought you'd forget," Dicky said; and then he looked at my handsome new cloak and I looked at his patched jacket, and we didn't care a speck! I don't see what folks care so much for such things for.

Taking Dicky into Grandpa's house was easy enough, but finding a hiding-place, where he could see, wasn't so easy. We slipped into the dining-room, and he kept saying, "My! ain't it nice?" when he saw the long tables and everything. I heard Betty and Hannah moving around in the kitchen, and I was afraid every minute they'd come in, and I couldn't find any place to hide him. There was just the china-closet, and I knew they'd go there ever so many times.

"Oh, what a funny big clock!" said Dicky.

He was so pleased with everything that he 'most forgot about hiding.

"I wonder if you could get into that?" said I. "I do b'lieve it's the very place, Dicky, 'cause nobody'll go to the clock! See! you can stand in it if you crowd pretty close, and we'll leave the door a tiny bit open, so you won't all smother. And if you

can't see enough there, you can stand on your high tiptoes and look out through the glass."

I had hardly got him tucked in, when Betty looked in at the door, and said:

"You here, little Lizzie? Well, amuse yourself any way you like; and if you are lonesome, come out and stay with Hannah and me."

Dicky thought it was only fun to be crowded in such a queer little house while I could stay by him and open the door, and tell him all the things he wanted to know about. But by and by I heard the folks coming, and then I had to whisper to him to keep still, and I'd save him some turkey, and not to move.

Such a nice party that was! So many uncles and aunts and cousins, and everybody so glad to see everybody! And then came the dinner—Dicky could hear all about that—and it seemed as if we should never come to the end of talking, laughing and eating. But right in the middle of it something queer happened.

"*Whir-r-r-r!*" went the old clock, and then it began to strike as if it had gone crazy.

"What in the world is the matter with the clock!" said Grandpa. And all the others jumped up. "What has got into the clock?"

But something tumbled out of it just then, and that was Dicky! He was frightened and 'most crying.

"I didn't mean to hurt nothin'. I just climbed up a little to look out, and the old thing went off like firecrackers, it did!"

"What in the world—" began Grandpa again, but there he stopped, for I put my arms right round Dicky's neck, and I was 'most crying too.

"No, he ain't a burglar, Grandpa," I said. "He's just one of 'the least' that the Bible tells about; I'm 'most sure he is, and that's why I hid him there,

THE ACTOR'S STORY

'cause he hadn't ever seen any Christmas. I was going to save him some of my turkey and cake, and it wouldn't have done a bit of harm, if that old clock hadn't made such a fuss. Please don't scold."

"No," said Grandpa, wiping his spectacles. "Nobody in this house shall scold because one little girl has tried to do what older ones should have been first to think of. Think of it, children—'Unto one of the least of these, unto Me!'"

And so Dicky had a seat at the table, and the first Christmas dinner of his life.

—*Anon.*

THE ACTOR'S STORY.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

MINE is a wild, strange story,—the strangest you ever heard;
There are many who won't believe it, but it's gospel every word;
It's the biggest drama of any in a long, adventurous life;
The scene was a ship, and the actors—were myself and my new-wed wife.

You mustn't mind if I ramble, and lose the thread now and then;
I'm old, you know, and I wander—it's a way with old women and men,
For their lives lie all behind them, and their thoughts go far away,
And are tempted afield, like children lost on a summer day.

The years must be five-and-twenty that have passed since that awful night,
But I see it again this evening, I can never shut out the sight.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

We were only a few weeks married, I and the wife, you know,
When we had an offer for Melbourne, and made up our minds to go.

We'd acted together in England, traveling up and down
With a strolling band of players, going from town to town;
We played the lovers together—we were leading lady and gent—
And at last we played in earnest, and straight to the church we went.

The parson gave us his blessing, and I gave Nellie the ring,
And swore that I'd love and cherish, and endow her with everything.
How we smiled at that part of the service when I said "I thee endow!"
But as to the "love and cherish," friends, I meant to keep that vow.

We were only a couple of strollers; we had coin when the show was good,
When it wasn't we went without it, and we did the best we could.
We were happy and loved each other, and laughed at the shifts we made,—
Where love makes plenty of sunshine, there poverty casts no shade.

Well, at last we got to London, and did pretty well for a bit;
Then the business dropped to nothing, and the manager took a fit,—
Stepped off one Sunday morning, forgetting the treasury call;
But our luck was in, and we managed right on our feet to fall.

We got an offer for Melbourne,—got it that very week.
Those were the days when thousands went over their fortunes to seek—

THE ACTOR'S STORY

The days of the great gold fever, and a manager
thought the spot
Good for a "spec," and took us actors among his lot.

We hadn't a friend in England—we'd only ourselves
to please—
And we jumped at the chance of trying our fortune
across the seas.
We went on a sailing vessel, and the journey was long
and rough;
We hadn't been out a fortnight before we had had
enough.

But use is a second nature, and we'd got not to mind
a storm,
When misery came upon us,—came in a hideous form.
My poor little wife fell ailing, grew worse, and at last
so bad
That the doctor said she was dying,—I thought 'twould
have sent me mad,—

Dying where leagues of billows seemed to shriek for
their prey,
And the nearest land was hundreds—ay, thousands—
of miles away.
She raved one night in a fever, and the next lay still
as death,
So still I'd bend to listen for the faintest sign of breath.

She seemed in a sleep, and sleeping with a smile on
her thin, wan face,
She passed away one morning, while I prayed to the
throne of grace.
I knelt in the little cabin, and prayer after prayer I
said,
Till the surgeon came and told me it was useless—my
wife was dead!

Dead! I wouldn't believe it. They forced me away
that night,
For I raved in my wild despairing, the shock sent me
mad outright.
I was shut in the farthest cabin, and I beat my head
on the side,
And all day long in my madness, "They've murdered
her!" I cried.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

They locked me away from my fellows,—put me in
cruel chains.

It seems I had seized a weapon to beat out the sur-
geon's brains.

I cried in my wild, mad fury that he was the devil sent
To gloat o'er the frenzied anguish with which my heart
was rent.

I spent that night with the irons heavy upon my wrists,
And my wife lay dead quite near me. I beat with my
fettered fists,

Beat at my prison panels, and then—O God!—and
then

I heard the shrieks of women and the tramp of hurry-
ing men.

I heard the cry, "Ship a-fire!" caught up by a hundred
throats,

And over the roar the captain shouting to lower the
boats:

Then cry upon cry, and curses, and the crackle of
burning wood,

And the place grew hot as a furnace—I could feel it
where I stood.

I beat at the door and shouted, but never a sound came
back,

And the timbers above me started, till right through a
yawning crack

I could see the flames shoot upwards, seizing on mast
and sail,

Fanned in their burning fury by the breath of the
howling gale.

I dashed at the door in fury, shrieking, "I will not die!
Die in this burning prison!"—but I caught no an-
swering cry.

Then, suddenly, right upon me the flames crept up with
a roar,

And their fiery tongues shot forward, cracking my
prison door.

I was free—with the heavy iron door dragging me down
to death;

I fought my way to the cabin, choked with the burn-
ing breath

THE ACTOR'S STORY.

Of the flames that danced around me like mad, mocking fiends at play,
And then—O God! I can see it, and shall to my dying day.

There lay my Nell as they'd left her dead in her berth that night;
The flames flung a smile on her features,—a horrible, lurid light,
God knows how I reached and touched her, but I found myself by her side;
I thought she was living a moment, I forgot that my Nell had died.

In the shock of those awful seconds reason came back to my brain.
I heard a sound as of breathing, and then a low cry of pain;
Oh, was there mercy in heaven? Was there a God in the skies?
The dead woman's lips were moving, the dead woman opened her eyes.

I cursed like a madman raving—I cried to her, "Nell! my Nell!"
They had left us alone and helpless, alone in that burning hell;
They had left us alone to perish—forgetting me living—and she
Had been left for the fire to bear her to heaven, instead of the sea.

I clutched her, roused her shrieking, the stupor was on her still;
I seized her in spite of my fetters,—fear gave me a giant's will.
God knows how I did it, but blindly I fought through the flames and the wreck
Up—up to the air, and brought her safe to the untouched deck.

We'd a moment of life together,—a moment of life, the time
For one last word to each other,—'twas a moment supreme, sublime,
From the trance we'd for death mistaken the heat had brought her to life,
And I was fettered and helpless, so we lay there, husband and wife!

It was but a moment, but ages seemed to have passed away,
When a shout came over the water, and I looked, and lo, there lay,
Right away from the vessel, a boat that was standing by;
They had seen our forms on the vessel, as the flames lit up the sky.

I shouted a prayer to Heaven, then called to my wife,
and she
Tore with new strength at my fetters—God helped her,
and I was free;
Then over the burning bulwarks we leaped for one chance of life.
Did they save us? Well, here I am, sir, and yonder's my dear old wife.

We were out in the boat till daylight, when a great ship passing by
Took us on board, and at Melbourne landed us by and by.
We've played many parts in dramas since we went on that famous trip,
But ne'er such a scene together as we had on the burning ship!

PUSH & PULL.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

WE have long been acquainted with a business firm whose praises have never been sung. I doubt whether their names are ever mentioned on Exchange. They seem to be doing more business and have more branch houses than the Stewarts or Lippincotts. You see their names almost everywhere on the door. It is the firm of Push & Pull. They generally have one of their partners' names on the outside of the door, and the other on the inside: "Push" on the outside and "Pull" on the inside. I have found their business-houses in New York,

Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, London and Edinburgh. It is under my eye, whether I go to buy a hat, a shawl, or a paper of pins, or watch, or ream of foolscap. They are in all kinds of business; and from the way they branch out, and put up new stores, and multiply their signboards on the outside and inside of doors, I conclude that the largest business firm on earth to-day is Push & Pull.

When these gentlemen join the church, they make things go along vigorously. The roof stops leaking; a new carpet blooms on the church floor; the fresco is retouched; the high pulpit is lowered till it comes into the same climate with the pew; strangers are courteously seated; the salary of the minister is paid before he gets hopelessly in debt to butcher and baker; and all is right, financially and spiritually, because Push & Pull have connected themselves with the enterprise.

A new parsonage is to be built, but the movement does not get started. Eight or ten men of slow circulation of blood and stagnant liver put their hands on the undertaking, but it will not budge. The proposed improvement is about to fail when Push comes up behind it and gives it a shove, and Pull goes in front and lays into the traces; and, lo! the enterprise advances, the goal is reached! And all the people who had talked about the improvement, but done nothing toward it, invite the strangers who come to town to go up and see "our" parsonage.

Push & Pull are wide-awake men. They never stand round with their hands in their pockets, as though feeling for money that they cannot find. They have made up their minds that there is a work for them to do; and without wasting any time in reverie, they go to work and do it. They start a "life insurance company." Push is the president, and Pull the secretary. Before you know it, all the

people are running in to have their lungs sounded, and to tell how many times they have had the rheumatism; how old they are; whether they ever had fits; and at what age their father and mother expired; and putting all the family secrets on paper, and paying Push & Pull two hundred dollars to read it. When this firm starts a clothing house, they make a great stir in the city. They advertise in such strong and emphatic way that the people are haunted with the matter, and dream about it, and go round the block to avoid that store door, lest they be persuaded in and induced to buy something they cannot afford. But some time the man forgets himself, and finds he is in front of the new clothing store, and, at the first glance of goods in the show window, is tempted to enter. Push comes up behind him, and Pull comes up before him, and the man is convinced of the shabbiness of his present appearance—that his hat will not do, that his coat and vest and all the rest of his clothes, clean down to his shoes, are unfit; and before one week is past, a boy runs up the steps of this customer with a pasteboard box marked, "From the clothing establishment of Push & Pull. C. O. D."

These men can do anything they set their hands to—publish a newspaper, lay out a street, build a house, control a railroad, manage a church, revolutionize a city. In fact, any two industrious, honorable, enterprising men can accomplish wonders. One does the outdoor work of the store, and the other the indoor work. One leads, the other follows; but both working in one direction, all obstacles are leveled before them.

I wish that more of our young men could graduate from the store of Push & Pull. We have tens of thousands of young men doing nothing. There must be work somewhere if they will only do it. They stand round, with soap locks and scented pocket-

handkerchiefs, tipping their hats to the ladies; while, instead of waiting for business to come to them, they ought to go to work and make a business. Here is the ladder of life. The most of those who start at the top of the ladder spend their life in coming down, while those who start at the bottom may go up. Those who are born with a gold spoon in their mouths soon lose the spoon. The two school bullies that used to flourish their silk pocket-handkerchiefs in my face, and with their ivory-handled, four-bladed knives punch holes through my kite—one of them is in the penitentiary, and the other ought to be.

Young man, the road of life is up-hill, and our load heavy. Better take off your kid gloves, and patent leathers, and white vest, and ask Push, with his stout shoulder, and Pull, with his strong grip, to help you. Energy, pluck, courage, obstinate determination are to be cultured. Eat strong meat, drop pastries, stop reading sickly novelettes, pray at both ends of the day and in the middle, look a man in the eye when you talk to him, and if you want to be a giant keep your head out of the lap of indulgences that would put a pair of shears through your locks.

If you cannot get the right kind of business partner, marry a good, honest wife. Fine cheeks and handsome curls are very well, but let them be mere incidentals. Let our young men select practical women! there are a few of them left. With such a one you can get on with almost all heavy loads of life. You will be Pull, and she Push; and if you do not get the house built and the fortune established, send me word, and I will tear this article up in such small pieces that no one will ever be able to find it.

Life is earnest work, and cannot be done with the tips of the fingers. We want more crowbars and fewer gold toothpicks. The obstacles before you

cannot be looked out of countenance by a quizzing glass. Let sloth and softleness go to the wall, but three cheers for Push and Pull, and all their branch business houses!

THE INDEPENDENCE BELL.

THREE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town.
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh! God grant they won't refuse;"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard.
We've no time to think of men."

So they surged against the State-House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide,
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

THE INDEPENDENCE BELL

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered rise again.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway.
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news to tell.

See! see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign:
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
As the boy cries joyously!
"Ring!" he shouts, "ring, grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for LIBERTY!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted; what rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware,
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious liberty arose.

That old State-House bell is silent,
 Hushed is now its clamorous tongue ;
 But the spirit it awakened
 Still is living—ever young ;
 And when we greet the smiling sunlight,
 On the Fourth of each July,
 We will ne'er forget the bellman,
 Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
 Rang out loudly "INDEPENDENCE,"
 Which, please God, shall never die.

—Anon.

THE OLD MAN.

EUGENE FIELD.

I CALLED him the Old Man, but he wuzn't an old man; he wuz a little boy—our fust one; 'nd his grandma, who'd had a heap of experience in sich matters, allowed that he wuz for looks as likely a child as she'd ever clapped eyes on. Bein' our fust, we sot our hearts on him, and Lizzie named him Willie, for that wuz the name she liked best, havin' had a brother Willyum killed in the war. But I never called him anything but the Old Man, and that name seemed to fit him, for he wuz one of your solumn babies,—always thinkin' 'nd thinkin' 'nd thinkin', like he wuz a jedge, and when he laffed it wuzn't like other children's laffs, it wuz so sad-like.

Lizzie 'nd I made it up between us that when the Old Man growed up we'd send him to college 'nd give him a lib'r'l edication, no matter though we had to sell the farm to do it. But we never cud exactly agree as to what we wuz goin' to make of him; Lizzie havin' her heart sot on his bein' a preacher like his gran'pa Baker, and I wantin' him to be a lawyer 'nd git rich out 'n the corporations like his uncle Wilson Barlow. So we never come to no definite conclusion as to what the Old Man wuz goin' to

be bime by; but while we wuz thinkin' 'nd debatin' the Old Man kep' growin' 'nd growin', and all the time he wuz as serious 'nd solumn as a jedge.

Lizzie got jest wrapt up in that boy; toted him round ever'where 'nd never let on like it made her tired,—powerful big 'nd hearty child too, but heft warn't nothin' 'longside of Lizzie's love for the Old Man. When he caught the measles from Sairy Baxter's baby, Lizzie sot up day 'nd night till he wuz well, holdin' his hands 'nd singin' songs to him, 'nd cryin' hesse'f almost to death because she dassent give him cold water to drink when he called f'r it. As for me, my heart was wrapt up in the Old Man, too, but, bein' a man, it wuzn't for me to show it like Lizzie, bein' a woman; and now that the Old Man is—wall, now that he has gone, it wouldn't do to let on how much I sot by him, for that would make Lizzie feel all the wuss.

Sometimes, when I think of it, it makes me sorry that I didn't show the Old Man some way how much I wuz wrapt up in him. Used to hold him in my lap 'nd make faces for him 'nd alder whistles 'nd things; sometimes I'd kiss him on his rosy cheek, when nobody wuz lookin'; oncen I tried to sing him a song, but it made him cry, 'nd I never tried my hand at singin' again. But, somehow, the Old Man didn't take to me like he took to his mother: would climb down outern my lap to git where Lizzie wuz; would hang on to her gownd, no matter what she wuz doin', —whether she wuz makin' bread, or sewin', or puttin' up pickles, it wuz alwuz the same to the Old Man; he wuzn't happy unless he wuz right there, clost beside his mother.

Most all boys, as I've heern tell, is proud to be round with their father, doin' what he does 'nd wearin' the kind of clothes he wears. But the Old Man wuz diff'rent; he allowed that his mother wuz his best friend, 'nd the way he stuck to her,—wall,

it has alwuz been a great comfort to Lizzie to recollect it.

It had been an open winter, 'nd there wuz fever all around us. The Baxters lost their little girl, and Homer Thompson's children had all been taken down. Ev'ry night and mornin' we prayed God to save our darlin'; but one evenin' when I come up from the wood lot, the Old Man wuz restless 'nd his face wuz hot 'nd he talked in his sleep. Maybe you've been through it yourself,—maybe you've tended a child that's down with the fever; if so, maybe you know what we went through, Lizzie 'nd me. The doctor shook his head one night when he come to see the Old Man; we knew what that meant. I went outdoors,—I couldn't stand it in the room there, with the Old Man seein' 'nd talkin' about things that the fever made him see. I wuz too big a coward to stay 'nd help his mother to bear up; so I went outdoors 'nd brung in wood,—brung in wood enough to last all spring,—and then I sat down alone by the kitchen fire 'nd heard the clock tick 'nd watched the shadders flicker through the room.

I remember Lizzie's comin' to me and sayin': "He's breathin' strange-like, 'nd his little feet is cold as ice." Then I went into the front chamber where he lay. The day wuz breakin'; the cattle wuz lowin' outside; a beam of light come through the winder and fell on the Old Man's face,—perhaps it was the summons for which he waited and which shall sometime come to me 'nd you. Leastwise the Old Man roused from his sleep 'nd opened up his big blue eyes. It wuzn't me he wanted to see.

"Mudder! mudder!" cried the Old Man, but his voice warn't strong 'nd clear like it used to be. "Mudder, where be you, mudder?"

Then, breshin' by me, Lizzie caught the Old Man

A HUSBAND'S EXPERIENCE IN COOKING

up 'nd held him in her arms, like she had done a thousand times before.

"What is it, darlin'? Here I be," says Lizzie.

"Tum here," said the Old Man,—"tum here; I wanter tell you sumfin'."

The Old Man went to reach his arms around her neck 'nd whisper in her ear. But his arms fell limp and helpless-like, 'nd the Old Man's curly head drooped on his mother's breast.

A HUSBAND'S EXPERIENCE IN COOKING.

I FOUND fault some time ago, with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my receipt. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat it, because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry, and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening, and set the cakes myself. I got the flour, and the salt, and water, and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered: "Yeast! yeast, to be sure!" I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker and got six cents' worth

of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove, and went to bed. In the morning I got up early, and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then got a fire in the kitchen, and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn, while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful and it satisfied me; I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed away three days after one was offered him. The hens won't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back-yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking.

—*Anon.*

SOMETHING GREAT.

FLORENCE TYLEE.

THE trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms was the knight at last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide land,
With face that shone with a purpose grand.
The king looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said: "He is meet for some high emprise."
To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate:
I will surely die or do something great."

SOMETHING GREAT

So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town that day;
A child had strayed from his mother's side
Into the woodland dark and wide.
"Help!" cried the mother with sorrow wild,
"Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child!"
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bridle rein:
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain.
Some meaner succor will do, maybe,
Some squire or varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right;
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night when the sun was set,
A blind old man by the way he met:
"Now, good Sir Knight, for Our Lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down;
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight; "I cannot wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the merry crowd.
"Oh! weep!" wailed others with sorrow bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed,
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done,
He missed the blessings he might have won.
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast.
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OUR fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee.
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the new world greets
The old world thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil, beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.
For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use.
We thank Thee, while, withal, we crave,
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

O, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure; in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT

THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT.

S. W. FOSS.

THE auctioneer leaped on a chair, and bold and loud
and clear,

He poured his cataract of words, just like an
auctioneer.

An auction sale of furniture, where some hard mort-
gagee

Was bound to get his money back, and pay his lawyer's
fee.

A humorist of wide renown, this doughty auctioneer,
His joking raised the loud guffaw, and brought the
answering jeer,

He scattered round his jests, like rain, on the unjust
and the just;

Sam Sleeman said he "laffed so much he thought that
he would bust."

He knocked down bureaus, beds, and stoves, and clocks
and chandeliers,

And a grand piano, which he swore would "last a
thousand years;"

He rattled out the crockery, and sold the silverware;
At last they passed him up to sell a little baby's chair.

"How much? how much? Come, make a bid; is all
your money spent?"

And then a cheap, facetious wag came up and bid,
"One cent."

Just then a sad-faced woman, who stood in silence there,
Broke down and cried, "My baby's chair! My poor
dead baby's chair!"

"Here, madam, take your baby's chair," said the
softened auctioneer,

"I know its value all too well, my baby died last year;
And if the owner of the chair, our friend, the mort-
gagee,

Objects to this proceeding, let him send the bill to me!"

Gone was the tone of raillery; the humorist auctioneer
Turned shamefaced from his audience, to brush away a
tear;

The laughing crowd was awed and still, no tearless eye
 was there
 When the weeping woman reached and took her little
 baby's chair.

A MODEST WIT.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East—
 Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
 A governor, or general, at the least,
 I have forgotten which—
 Had in his family a humble youth,
 Who went from England in his patron's suite,
 An unassuming boy, and in truth
 A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
 But yet, with all his sense,
 Excessive diffidence
 Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
 His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
 Conceived it would be vastly fine
 To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
 Did your good father gain a livelihood?"
 "He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said.
 "And in his time was reckon'd good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
 Instead of teaching you to sew!
 Pray, why did not your father make
 A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
 At length Modestus, bowing low,
 Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
 "Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
 Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! by heaven, that's too bad!
 My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
 My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
 He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

THE FULL-BLOODED COW

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

—*Anon.*

THE FULL-BLOODED COW.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

WE never had anyone drop in about six o'clock p. m. whom we were more glad to see than Fielding, the Orange County farmer. In the first place, he always had a good appetite, and it did not make much difference what we had to eat. He would not nibble about the end of a piece of bread, undecided as to whether he had better take it, nor sit sipping his tea as though the doctor had ordered him to take only ten drops at a time, mixed with a little sugar and hot water. Perpetual contact with fresh air and the fields and the mountains gave him a healthy body, while the religion that he learned in the little church down by the mill-dam kept him in healthy spirits. Fielding keeps a great drove of cattle and has an overflowing dairy. As we handed him the cheese he said, "I really believe this is of my own making." "Fielding," I inquired, "how does your dairy thrive, and have you any new stock on your farm? Come give us a little touch of the country." He gave me a mischievous look and said, "I will not tell you a word until you let me know all about that full-blooded cow, of which I have heard something. You need not try to hide that story any longer." So we yielded to his coaxing. It was about like this:

The man had not been able to pay his debts. The mortgage on the farm had been foreclosed. Day of sale had come. The sheriff stood on a box reading

the terms of vendue. All payments to be made in six months. The auctioneer took his place. The old man and his wife and the children all cried as the piano, and the chairs, and the pictures, and the carpets, and the bedsteads went at half their worth. When the piano went, it seemed to the old people as if the sheriff were selling all the fingers that had ever played on it; and when the carpets were struck off, I think father and mother thought of the little feet that had tramped it; and when the bedstead was sold, it brought to mind the bright, curly heads that had slept on it long before the dark days had come, and father had put his name on the back of a note, signing his own death warrant. The next thing to being buried alive is to have the sheriff sell you out when you have been honest and have tried always to do right. There are so many envious ones to chuckle at your fall, and come in to buy your carriage, blessing the Lord that the time has come for you to walk and for them to ride.

But to us the auction reached its climax of interest when we went to the barn. We were spending our summers in the country, and must have a cow. There were ten or fifteen sukies to be sold. There were reds, and piebalds, and duns, and browns, and brindles, short horns, long horns, crumpled horns and no horns. But we marked for our own a cow that was said to be full-blooded, whether Alderney, or Durham, or Galloway, or Ayrshire, I will not tell lest some cattle fancier feel insulted by what I say; and if there is any grace that I pride myself on, it is prudence and a determination always to say smooth things. "How much is bid for this magnificent, full-blooded cow?" cried the auctioneer. "Seventy-five dollars," shouted someone. I made it eighty. He made it ninety. Somebody else quickly made it a hundred. After the bids had risen to one hundred and twenty-five dol-

THE FULL-BLOODED COW

lars, I got animated, and resolved that I would have that cow if it took my last cent. "One hundred and forty dollars," shouted my opponent. The auctioneer said it was the finest cow he had ever sold; and not knowing much about vendues, of course I believed him. It was a good deal of money for a minister to pay, but then I could get the whole matter off my hands by giving "a note." In utter defiance of everything I cried out, "One hundred and fifty dollars!" "Going at that," said the auctioneer. "Going at that! once! twice! three times! gone! Mr. Talmage has it." It was one of the proudest moments of our life. There she stood, tall, immense in the girth, horns branching graceful as a tree branch, full-uddered, silk-coated, pensive-eyed.

We hired two boys to drive her home while we rode in a carriage. No sooner had we started than the cow showed what turned out to be one of her peculiarities, great speed of hoof. She left the boys, outran my horse, jumped the fence, frightened nearly to death a group of school-children, and by the time we got home we all felt as if we had all day been out on a fox-chase.

We never had any peace with that cow. She knew more tricks than a juggler. She could let down any bars, open any gate, outrun any dog and ruin the patience of any minister. We had her a year, and yet she never got over wanting to go to the vendue. Once started out of the yard, she was bound to see the sheriff. We coaxed her with carrots, and apples, and cabbage, and sweetest stalks, and the richest beverage of slops, but without avail.

As a milker she was a failure. "Mike," who lived just back of our place, would come in at nights from his "Kerry cow," a scraggly runt that lived on the commons, with his pail so full he had to carry it cautiously lest it spill over. But after our full-blooded had been in clover to her eyes all day,

Bridget would go out to the barn-yard, and tug and pull for a supply enough to make two or three custards. I said, "Bridget, you don't know how to milk. Let me try." I sat down by the cow, tried the full force of dynamics, but just at the moment when my success was about to be demonstrated, a sudden thought took her somewhere between the horns, and she started for the vendue, with one stroke of her back foot upsetting the small treasure I had accumulated, and leaving me a mere wreck of what I once was.

She had, among other bad things, a morbid appetite. Notwithstanding we gave her the richest herbaceous diet, she ate everything she could put her mouth on. She was fond of horse blankets and articles of human clothing. I found her one day at the clothes line, nearly choked to death, for she had swallowed one leg of something and seemed dissatisfied that she could not get down the other. The most perfect nuisance that I ever had about my place was that full-blooded.

Having read in our agricultural journals of cows that were slaughtered yielding fourteen hundred pounds neat weight, we concluded to sell her to the butcher. We set a high price upon her and got it—that is, we took a note for it, which is the same thing. My bargain with the butcher was the only successful chapter in my bovine experiences. The only taking-off in the whole transaction was that the butcher ran away, leaving me nothing but a specimen of poor chirography, and I already had enough of that among my manuscripts.

My friend, never depend on high-breeds. Some of the most useless of cattle had ancestors spoken of in the "Commentaries of Cæsar." That Alderney whose grandfather used to graze on a lord's park in England may not be worth the grass she eats.

Do not depend too much on the high-sounding

THE CAPTAIN'S WELL

name of Durham or Devon. As with animals, so with men. Only one President ever had a President for a son. Let every cow make her own name, and every man achieve his own position. It is no great credit to a fool that he had a wise grandfather. Many an Ayrshire and Hereford has had the hollow-horn and the foot-rot. Both man and animal are valuable in proportion as they are useful. "Mike's" cow beat my full-blooded.

THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FROM pain and peril, by land and main,
The shipwrecked sailor came back again;

Back to his home, where wife and child,
Who had mourned him lost, with joy were wild,

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his spade.
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here," asked the passer-by ;
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?"

"No, friend," he answered, "but under this sod
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water! the Powwow is at your back,
And right before you the Merrimack,

And look you up, or look you down,
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own ;
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other : "This soil is dry, you know,
I doubt if a spring can be found below ;

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

You had better consult before you dig,
Some water-witch, with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

In the Arab desert, where shade is none,
The waterless land of sand and sun,

Under the pitiless, brazen sky
My burning throat as the sand was dry;

My crazed brain listened in fever-dreams
For plash of buckets and ripple of streams:

And, opening my eyes to the blinding glare,
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,

Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

Then something tender and sad and mild
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

Rebuked my frenzy, and, bowing my head,
I prayed as I never before had prayed:

Pity me, God, for I die of thirst;
Take me out of this land accurst;

And if ever I reach my home again,
Where earth has springs, and the sky has rain,

I will dig a well for the passer-by,
And none shall suffer with thirst as I.

I saw, as I passed my home once more,
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,
The tall slate stones of the burying ground.

The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,
The brook with its dam, and gray grist-mill,

And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,
The very place where my well must be.

THE CAPTAIN'S WELL

God heard my prayer in that evil day;
He led my feet in their homeward way,

From false mirage and dried-up well,
And the hot sand-storms of a land of hell,

Till I saw at last, through a coast hill's gap,
The city held in its stony lap,

The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat;

For there was a ship at anchor lying.
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,

And sweetest of sounds to my home-sick ear
Was my native tongue in the sailor's cheer.

Now, the Lord be thanked, I am back again,
Where earth has springs, and the skies have rain.

And the well I promised by Oman's Sea,
I am digging for him in Amesbury."

His good wife wept, and his neighbors said:
"The poor old captain is out of his head."

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,
He toiled at his task with main and might;

And when at last from the loosened earth,
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim,
The water he dug for followed him.

He shouted for joy: "I have kept my word,
And here is the well I promised the Lord!"

The long years came, and the long years went,
And he sat by his roadside-well content;

He watched the travelers, heat-oppressed,
Pause by the way to drink and rest,

And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank;

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

And, grateful at heart, his memory went
Back to that waterless Orient,

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head ;
"He don't know the value of water," he said ;

"Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun,

He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well!"

THE THANKSGIVING IN BOSTON HARBOR.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"PRAISE ye the Lord!" The psalm to-day
Still rises on our ears,
Borne from the hills of Boston Bay
Through five times fifty years.
When Winthrop's fleet from Yarmouth crept
Out to the open main,
And through the widening waters swept
In April sun and rain.
"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips."
The leader shouted, "Pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As faded Yarmouth Bay.

They passed the Scilly Isles that day,
And May-days came, and June,
And thrice upon the ocean lay
The full orb of the moon.
And as that day, on Yarmouth Bay,
Ere England sunk from view,
While yet the rippling Solent lay
In April skies of blue.

THE THANKSGIVING IN BOSTON HARBOR

"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
Each morn was shouted, "Pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay.

Blew warm the breeze o'er Western seas,
Through Maytime morns, and June,
Till hailed these souls the Isles of Shoals,
Low 'neath the summer moon;
And as Cape Ann arose to view,
And Norman's Woe they passed,
The wood doves came the white mists through,
And circled round each mast.

"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
Then called the leader, "Pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay.

Above the sea the hill-tops fair—
God's towers—began to rise,
And odors rare breathe through the air,
Like balms of Paradise.
Through burning skies the ospreys flew,
And near the pine-cooled shores
Danced airy boat and thin canoe,
To flash of sunlit oars.

"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
The leader shouted, "Pray;"
Then prayer arose, and all the ships
Sailed into Boston Bay.

The white wings folded, anchors down,
The sea-worn fleet in line,
Fair rose the hills where Boston town
Should rise from clouds of pine;
Fair was the harbor, summit walled,
And placid lay the sea.
"Praise ye the Lord," the leader called;
"Praise ye the Lord," spake he.
"Give thanks to God with fervent lips,
Give thanks to God to-day,"
The anthem rose from all the ships
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

"Praise ye the Lord!" Primeval woods
First heard the ancient song,
And summer hills and solitudes
The echoes rolled along.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

The Red Cross flag of England blew
Above the fleet that day,
While Shawmut's triple peaks in view
In amber hazes lay.
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day,"
The anthem rose from all the ships
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

The Arabella leads the song—
The Mayflower sings below
That erst the Pilgrims bore along
The Plymouth reefs of snow.
Oh! never be that psalm forgot
That rose o'er Boston Bay
When Winthrop sung, and Endicott,
And Saltonstall, that day.
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day,"
And praise arose from all the ships,
Like prayers in Yarmouth Bay.

That psalm our fathers sung we sing,
That psalm of peace and wars,
While o'er our heads unfolds its wing
The flag of forty stars.
And while the nation finds a tongue
For nobler gifts to pray,
"Twill ever sing the song they sung
That first Thanksgiving Day!
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day,"
So rose the song from all the ships
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

Our fathers' prayers have turned to psalms
As David's treasures old
Turned, on the Temple's giant arms,
To lily-work of gold.
Ho! vanished ships from Yarmouth's tide,
Ho! ships of Boston Bay,
Your prayers have crossed the centuries wide
To this Thanksgiving Day!
We pray to God with fervent lips.
We praise the Lord to-day;
As prayers arose from Yarmouth ships,
But psalms from Boston Bay.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

THIE Church and the World walked far apart
 On the changing shore of time;
 The World was singing a giddy song.
 And the Church a hymn sublime.
 "Come, give me your hand," said the merry World,
 "And walk with me this way,"
 But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
 And solemnly answered—"Nay."

"I will not give thee my hand at all,
 And I will not walk with you;
 Your way is the way of eternal death,
 And your words are all untrue."
 "Nay, walk with me a little space,"
 Said the World with a kindly air,
 "The road I walk is a pleasant road,
 And the sun shines always there;

"Your way is narrow and thorny and rough,
 While *mine* is flowery and smooth;
 Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,
 But in rounds of joy I move.
 My way, you can see, is a broad, fair one,
 And my gate is high and wide;
 There is room enough for you and me,
 And we'll travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
 And gave him her hand of snow;
 And the false World grasped it, and walked along,
 And whispered in accents low,
 "Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
 I have gold and pearls to wear;
 Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
 And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain white robes,
 And then at the dazzling World,
 And blushed as she saw his handsome lip,
 With a smile contemptuous curled.
 "I will change my dress for a costlier one."
 Said the Church with a smile of grace;
 Then her pure white garments drifted away,
 And the World gave in their place

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Beautiful satins, and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
Waving in thousand curls.
"Your house is too plain," said the proud bold World,
"Let us build you one like mine,
With kitchen for feasting and parlor for play,
And furniture never so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her daughters met frequently there,
Shining in purple and gold.
And fair and festival—frolics untold,
Were held in the place of prayer;
And maidens bewitching as sirens of old—
With world-winning graces rare.

Bedecked with fair jewels and hair all curled—
Untrammeled by Gospel or Laws,
To beguile and amuse and win from the World
Some help for the righteous cause.
The Angel of mercy rebuked the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin;"
Then the Church looked sad, and anxiously longed
To gather the children in.

But some were away at the midnight ball,
And others were at the play;
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
And the Angel went away.
Then said the World in soothing tones—
"Your loved ones mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent sports,"
So she leaned on his proffered arm.

She smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers
And walked along with the World;
While countless millions of precious souls
To the horrible pit were hurled!
"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay World with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales
Which I do not like them to hear.

"They talk of judgments, and fire, and pain,
And the doom of endless night;
They warn of a place that should not be
Thus spoken to ears polite!

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

I will send you some—a better stamp,
More brilliant and gay and fast:
Who will show how men may live as they list
And go to heaven at last.

"The Father is merciful, great and good,
Loving and tender and kind;
Do you think He'd take one child to heaven,
And leave another behind?"
So she called for pleasing and gay divines,—
Deemed gifted, and great, and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the Cross
Were out of her pulpits turned.

Then Mammon came in and supported the Church,
And rented a prominent pew;
And preaching and singing and floral display
Soon proclaimed a gospel new.
"You give too much to the poor," said the World.
"Far more than you ought to do;
Though the poor need shelter, food and clothes,
Why thus need it trouble you?

"Go, take your money and buy rich robes
And horses and carriages fine;
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,—
The rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the way—
The flowery way they're in."

Then the Church her purse-strings tightly held
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, "I've given too much away.
I will do, sir, as you have said."
So the poor were turned from the door in scorn,
She heard not the orphans' cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by.

And they of the Church, and they of the World,
Walked closely, hand and heart,
And none but the Master, who knoweth all,
Could discern the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
"I'm rich and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and naught to do,
But to laugh and dance and feast."

The sly World heard her and laughed within,
 And mockingly said aside,—
 “The Church has fallen—the beautiful Church,—
 Her shame is her boast and pride.”
 Then the Angel drew near the mercy-seat.
 And whispered in sighs her name,
 And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
 And covered their heads with shame.

Anon.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IF I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishman—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the

island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they sulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, this man was at least a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions and trust a State to the blood of its sons—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on the fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with

him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village in his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Lafayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE.

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

WILL CARLETON.

MY business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all
is through—
I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and
give my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow
in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there
ag'in.
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have
got my pay;
I'm loose at last, and thank the Lord, I'm goin' home
to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since first day I come
down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday rightly
sets,
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls
and frets.
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and
gray—
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see that things were done:
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot outdoors,
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to 'tend to all the chores.
But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I come away, we had a little bout;
I coolly took my hat and left, before the show was out.
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offense;
And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence.
But then, she's first one to give up when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God should pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half-way down the hill, and kiss me, anyway;
And light my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day!

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it
when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back
again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be
bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all
around.
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to-day.

“DE LIL BRACK SHEEP.”

POR lil brack sheep, don strayed away,
Don los in de win and de rain;
And de Shepherd, he say, “O hirelin,
Go find my sheep again.”
But de hirelin frown—“O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am brack and bad.”
But de Shepherd, he smile, like de lil brack sheep
Wuz the onliest lamb he had.

An he say, “O hirelin, hasten,
For de win and de rain am col;
And dat lil brack sheep am lonesom,
Out dar so far from de fol.”
De hirelin frown, “O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol and gray.”
But de Shepherd, he smile, like de lil brack sheep
Wuz fair as de break ob day!

An he say, “O hirelin, hasten,
Lo, here am de ninety-an-nine;
But dar, way off from de sheep-fol,
Is dat lil brack sheep of mine.”
And de hirelin frown, “O Shepherd,
De res ob de sheep am here.”
But de Shepherd, he smile, like de lil brack sheep,
He hol it de mostest dear.

An de Shepherd go out in de darkness,
Where de night was col and bleak;
An dat lil brack sheep, he find it,
An lay it agains his cheek.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

An de hirelin frown, "O Shepherd,
Don bring dat sheep to me."
But de Shepherd, he smile, and he hol it close,
An . . . dat lil brack sheep . . . wuz . . . me!
—*Anon.*

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here refreshing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation of the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eye toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, but who was in reality a being of superior nature. I drew near with profound reverence, and fell down at his feet. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock; and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part

of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other end?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred.

As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the ends of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling

THE VISION OF MIRZA

march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with weapons, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me that I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, and love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery

and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or not the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate), I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth in an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers.

Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears dotted as far as thou canst see it, are more in number than the sands on the seashore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eyes, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, accord-

ing to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasure of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O, Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

THE LAND OF SHINING GOLD.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

"**T**HE woman must go to the workhouse and the young 'uns to the schools.

Outdoor relief? Oh, nonsense!—besides, it's against the rules."

The man didn't speak unkindly, he simply met the case. But the woman she lay and listened with a white, despairing face.

She had starved herself to a shadow, she had plied her needle and thread

To pay the rent of her lodgings and to give her children bread;

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

But when she was down with fever, to the parish her
landlord sent
To come and remove the tenant who had nothing to
pay the rent.

The children clung to their mother, the tears coursed
down their cheeks;
They had been her little nurses through all the weary
weeks,
They had starved and never murmured; they had knelt
with her to pray
That the God of widow and orphan would send them a
brighter day.
But now they were thrust asunder—the parish whose
laws are wise
Can't alter its regulations for sentimental ties;
The guardians in their wisdom keep families far apart,
Which is good for the parish pocket if bad for the
pauper heart.

They took her away to the workhouse—this woman,
Elizabeth Roy,
And the officer came soon after to fetch the girl and
boy;
But the girl and the boy had vanished; they dreaded
their pauper fate—
The boy was just eleven and the little girl was eight.
Where had the children gone to? They'd hidden, the
neighbors said,
And all that day they hunted for Kate and her brother
Fred.
But night came down on the alley where their poor
little home had been,
And by none of the people searching were the missing
children seen.

The mother lay in the workhouse, racked with the
hunger pain,
But a beautiful, peaceful vision came to her fevered
brain;
The squalor of slum and alley had faded out of sight,
And back to a scene far brighter had fancy winged its
flight.
Happy as wife and mother, she sat in the sunlit room,
And looked down the country garden where the roses
were in bloom;

THE LAND OF SHINING GOLD

And the children played and prattled, and their innocent laughter filled
The air with a joyous music, and the sweet birds sang and trilled.
And he, her love and her darling, stood smiling by her side,
As gentle, as kind and tender, as the day she was his bride;
There was never a cloud in the heavens, never a chill in the breeze,
As the sunshine danced a measure with the leaves of the waving trees.
But suddenly rose a tempest, and the skies grew an ashen gray,
And night with its gloom and terror had banished the golden day.
A wife sat alone—deserted—left with her babes to brave
The storm that had proved her husband only a coward knave.

Where had the children gone to? She never knew their fate.
They feared to tell her the story in her weak, exhausted state;
But the neighbors had traced the children to the busy river side—
Someone had seen them gazing on the black and swollen tide.
They had heard of the fate before them, they had thought of the “school” with dread,
They’d be found some day in the river—that’s what the gossips said;
But many a month went over, and never a trace was found
Of the missing brother and sister, and the parish believed them drowned.

But they were alive and happy, thousands of miles away;
And this is how things had happened: They had heard the people say
That “the workhouse” would come to take them. They knew of their mother’s fate,
So they held a council together, Fred and his sister Kate.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

A wonderful scheme the boy had; he had heard of a
land of gold,
Where you pick up the yellow nuggets as big as your
hand can hold—
Where the beautiful golden metal that can buy you
such lovely things
'Can be got with a spade—and he murmured, "Oh, Kate.
for a pair of wings!"

"For a pair of wings to fly with, away to that golden
land.
And then we could fill our pockets;" but Kate didn't
understand;
So he told her the splendid story—he fancied that in
the mines,
In great wondrous masses, the fabulous treasure
shines—
And he said if they could but get there and dig up a
lot of gold
They'd be able to get the things back their mother had
pawned and sold.
And buy her warm things for winter and comforts to
make her well;
But how they could make the journey was more than
the boy could tell.

"I know!" cried Kate, in a moment; "I've heard the
teacher say
That ships from the docks are sailing almost every day.
You know the name of the country where the golden
nuggets grow;
Let us look for a ship that sails there and step on board
and go.
There's only one thing," she added—"I fancy you have
to pay."
Then Fred remembered the story he'd heard of a stow-
away.
So they trudged to the docks and, finding a vessel about
to sail,
They managed to get on board her and hide behind a
bale.

They were found by the men next morning when the
vessel was out at sea,
And were taken before the captain, who said a word
spelled with D;

THE LAND OF SHINING GOLD

But they told him their simple story and begged so hard
to stay
That the captain's wrath was melted and he took them
all the way.
And the passengers heard about it and petted the girl
and boy,
And the hearts of the little miners were filled with
childish joy
As they dreamed of the famous gold fields that lay
across the seas;
And the good ship plowed the waters and flew before
the breeze.

Their pale cheeks flushed with color, and their tear-
dimmed eyes grew bright,
And the ship was a wondrous playground from early
morn to night.
When they touched at last at Melbourne, the captain
took them ashore,
And showed them a hundred marvels they had never
seen before.
But Freddy said to the captain, "We shall have to say
good-bye,
For we want to get to the places where the beautiful
nuggets lie.
We'll go, if you please, to-morrow, and as soon as
we've filled a sack,
We'd like, if you'd be so kind, sir, for your ship to
take us back."

The eyes of the captain twinkled—he thought it a
splendid joke!
And that night in a Melbourne bar-room, having his
evening smoke,
He told the children's story to the men who were in
the place;
There were some of them there, old miners, who said,
"twas a rummy case."
But one of them asked the captain to let him see "the
pair;"
A big, fine, handsome fellow, who'd made a fortune
there,
Who'd roughed it for years as a miner, but had just
made a lucky hit,
And brought his "pile" to Melbourne, and was going the
pace a bit.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

The captain took the miner and showed him the girl
and boy,
He asked the girl what her name was, and she an-
swered "Katie Roy."
The miner started for a moment and his face went
deadly white,
Then he asked the boy a question—he mightn't have
heard aright.
He asked him about his mother, and the miner's face
flushed hot
As the children told the story of the mother's weary
lot;
He rushed from the room like a madman, and came
back with a bag of gold,
And gave to the starving children as much as their
hands could hold.

"Take that," he said, "to your mother—it's the gold
that you came to seek;
God's providence sent you hither, the wanted word to
speak
To call the wanderer homeward—he'll sail by to-mor-
row's ship."
Then he touched the children's foreheads with a hot
and trembling lip,
And told them that he was their father—the father
who ran away
When things went wrong in the city, and a gambler
couldn't pay;
The father who left their mother, and had gone from
bad to worse,
Till a stroke of luck at the diggings had suddenly filled
his purse.

A white-faced convalescent sat in the workhouse yard,
Dozing away her leisure, for her lot was rough and
hard;
And a beautiful dream God sent her—a dream of the
long ago,
In the days ere her heart was heavy with a burden of
bitter woe.
She dreamed that her husband called her, with a smile
on his handsome face,
And the children ran out toward her—then she woke
in a dreary place;
Woke with a cry of wonder, for her husband called her
name,
And, bounding along to greet her, the boy and his sister
came.

NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE

Or ever a word she uttered, the children were at her knee—
In her lap fell a golden shower, and the boy cried out in glee,
“Look what we’ve brought you, mother! We’ve been to the land of gold,
And daddy’s got lots of nuggets—more than your hands could hold.”
She gave one glance at the treasure, and then her head sank down.
On the breast of the sunburnt miner, and the gold slipped from her gown;
And the paupers stared in wonder as the sovereigns rolled away—
Folks don’t walk into the workhouse with fortunes every day.

Are you anxious to hear the finish? I fancy that you can guess
How Elizabeth Roy’s eyes brightened at the old familiar “Bess.”
And your fancy can paint the picture of the dawn of a happier fate
As father and mother and children went out of the workhouse gate.
Would you like to know the sequel? Peep through the hedge and see
The dear old home and garden, just as they used to be,
And a happy wife and husband, smiling the smile of old
As the children tell the story of their trip to the land of gold.

NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

T RUE eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation,

all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, this is eloquence, or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action, noble, sublime, Godlike action.

“ CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.”

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
 And the last rays kissed the foreheads of a man and maiden fair,
 He with footsteps slow and weary—she with sunny, floating hair;
 He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful—she with lips all cold and white,
 Struggling to keep back the murmur—“Curfew must not ring to-night.”

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark,
damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh!
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poison dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it; curfew, it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;
In an undertone she murmured, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before:
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro,
As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,—
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

She has reached the topmost ladder,—o'er her hangs
the great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
to hell!
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of
curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! flash her eyes with
sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall
not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out—the city seemed a speck of
light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the
bell swung to and fro!
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not
the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's
funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling
lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall
not ring to-night."

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years
before
Human foot had not been planted—the brave deed that
she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting
sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires, with
heads of white,
Long should tell the little children curfew did not ring
that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him,
and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all
bruised and torn;
And her face, so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow
pale and worn,

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with
misty light:
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell; "Curfew shall
not ring to-night."

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE bravest battle that was ever fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle-shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave!
But oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on, and on, in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down!

Oh! ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldier to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways!

Oh! spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

LEIGH HUNT.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court:
 The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride:
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled one on another,
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
 Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
 With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same:
 She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
 He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous fine;
 I'll drop my glove to prove his love great glory will be mine!"

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love: then looked on him and smiled;
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:

THE OLD CRADLE

The leap was quick ; return was quick ; he soon regained his place ;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face !
"In truth !" cried Francis, "rightly done !" and he rose from where he sat :
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

THE OLD CRADLE.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

THE historic and old-time cradle is dead, and buried in the rubbish of the garret. A baby of five months, filled with modern notions, would spurn to be rocked in the awkward and rustic thing. The baby spits the "Alexandra feeding-bottle" out of its mouth, and protests against the old-fashioned cradle, giving emphasis to its utterances by throwing down a rattle that cost seven dollars, and kicking off a shoe imported at fabulous expense, and upsetting the "baby-basket," with all its treasures of ivory hair brushes and "Meen Fun." Not with voice, but by violence of gesture and kicks and squirms, it says: "What ! You going to put me in that old cradle ? Where is the nurse ? My patience ! What does mother mean ? Get me a 'patented self-rocker !'"

The parents yield. In comes the new-fangled crib. The machine is wound up, the baby put in, the crib set in motion, and mother goes off to make a first-rate speech at the "Woman's Rights Convention !"

Conundrum : Why is a maternal elocutionist of this sort like a mother of old time, who trained four sons for the holy ministry, and through them was the means of reforming and saving a thousand souls, and through that thousand of saving ten thousand

more? You answer: "No resemblance at all!" You are right. Guessed the conundrum the first time. Go up to the head of the class!

Now, the "patented self-rockers," no doubt, have their proper use; but go up with me into the garret of your old homestead, and exhume the cradle that you, a good while ago, slept in. The rockers are somewhat rough, as though a farmer's plane had fashioned them, and the sides just high enough for a child to learn to walk by. What a homely thing, take it all in all! You say: Stop your depreciation! We were all rocked in that. For about fifteen years that cradle was going much of the time. When the older child was taken out, a smaller child was put in. The crackle of the rockers is pleasant yet in my ears. There I took my first lessons in music as mother sang to me. Have heard what you would call far better singing since then, but none that so thoroughly touched me. She never got five hundred dollars per night for singing three songs at the Academy, with two or three encores grudgingly thrown in; but without pay she sometimes sang all night, and came out whenever encored, though she had only two little ears for an audience. It was a low, subdued tone that sings to me yet across thirty-five years.

You see the edge of that rocker worn quite deep? That is where her foot was placed while she sat with her knitting or sewing, on summer afternoons, while the bees hummed at the door and the shout of the boy at the oxen was heard afield. From the way the rocker is worn, I think that sometimes the foot must have been very tired and the ankle very sore; but I do not think she stopped for that. When such a cradle as that got a-going, it kept on for years.

Scarlet-fever came in the door, and we all had it; and oh, how the cradle did go! We contended as to who should lie in it, for sickness, you know, makes

babies of us all. But after a while we surrendered it to Charlie. He was too old to lie in it, but he seemed so very, very sick; and with him in the cradle it was "Rock!" "Rock!" "Rock!" But one day, just as long ago as you can remember, the cradle stopped. When a child is asleep, there is no need of rocking. Charlie was asleep. He was sound asleep. Nothing would wake him. He needed taking up. Mother was too weak to do it. The neighbors came in to do that, and put a flower, fresh out of the garden-dew, between the two still hands. The fever had gone out of the cheek, and left it white, very white—the rose exchanged for the lily. There was one less to contend for the cradle. It soon started again, and with a voice not quite so firm as before, but more tender, the old song came back: "Bye! bye! bye!" which meant more to you than "*Il Trovatore*," rendered by an opera troupe in the presence of an American audience, all leaning forward and nodding to show how well they understood Italian.

There was a wooden canopy at the head of the old cradle that somehow got loose and was taken off. But your infantile mind was most impressed with the face which much of the time hovered over you. Other women sometimes looked in at the child, and said: "That child's hair will be red!" or, "What a peculiar chin!" or, "Do you think that child will live to grow up?" and although you were not old enough to understand their talk, by instinct you knew it was something disagreeable, and began to cry till the dear, sweet, familiar face again hovered and the rainbow arched the sky. Oh, we never get away from the benediction of such a face! It looks at us through storm and night. It smiles all to pieces the world's frown. After thirty-five years of rough tumbling on the world's couch, it puts us in the cradle again, and hushes us as with the very lullaby of heaven.

Let the old cradle rest in the garret. It has earned its quiet. The hands that shook up its pillow have quit work. The foot that kept the rocker in motion is through with its journey. The face that hovered has been veiled from mortal sight. Cradle of blessed memories! Cradle that soothed so many little griefs! Cradle that kindled so many hopes! Cradle that rested so many fatigues! Sleep now thyself, after so many years of putting others to sleep!

One of the great wants of the age is the right kind of a cradle and the right kind of a foot to rock it. We are opposed to the usurpation of "patented self-rockers." When I hear a boy calling his grandfather "old daddy," and see the youngster whacking his mother across the face because she will not let him have ice-cream and lemonade in the same stomach, and at some refusal holding his breath till he gets black in the face, so that to save the child from fits the mother is compelled to give him another dumpling, and he afterward goes out into the world stubborn, willful, selfish and intractable,—I say that boy was brought up in a "patented self-rocker." The old-time mother would have put him down in the old-fashioned cradle, and sung to him,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;"

and if that did not take the spunk out of him would have laid him in an inverted position across her lap, with his face downward, and with a rousing spank made him more susceptible to the music.

When a mother, who ought to be most interested in training her children for usefulness and heaven, gives her chief time to fixing up her back hair, and is worried to death because the curls she bought are not of the same shade as the sparsely-settled locks of her own raising; and culturing the dromedarian

THE OLD CRADLE

hump of dry-goods on her back till, as she comes into church, a good old elder bursts into laughter behind his pocket-handkerchief, making the merri-ment sound as much like a sneeze as possible; her waking moments employed with discussions about polonaise, and vert-de-gris velvets, and ecru percale, and fringed guipure, and poufs, and sashes, and rose-de-chêne silks, and scalloped flounces; her happiness in being admired at balls and parties and receptions,—you may know that she has thrown off the care of her children, that they are looking after themselves, that they are being brought up by machinery instead of loving hands—in a word, that there is in her home a “patented self-rocker!”

So far as possible, let all women dress beautifully: so God dresses the meadows and the mountains. Let them wear pearls and diamonds if they can afford it: God has hung round the neck of His world strings of diamonds, and braided the black locks of the storm with bright ribbons of rainbow. Especially before and right after breakfast, ere they expect to be seen of the world, let them look neat and attractive for the family's sake. One of the most hideous sights is a slovenly woman at the breakfast table. Let woman adorn herself. Let her speak on platforms so far as she may have time and ability to do so. But let not mothers imagine that there is any new way of successfully training children, or of escaping the old-time self-denial and continuous painstaking.

Let this be the commencement of the law suit:

OLD CRADLE versus PATENTED SELF-ROCKER.

Attorneys for plaintiff—all the cherished memories of the past.

Attorneys for the defendant—all the humbugs of the present.

For jury—the good sense of all Christendom.

Crier, open the court and let the jury be empaneled.

THE DIVER.

SCHILLER.

BARON or vassal, is any so bold
As to plunge in yon gulf, and follow,
Through chamber and cave, this beaker of gold—
Which already the waters whirlingly swallow?
Who retrieves the prize from the horrid abyss
Shall keep it: the gold and the glory be his!"

So spake the king, and incontinent flung—
From the cliff, that, gigantic and steep,
High over Charybdis's whirlpool hung,
A glittering wine-cup down in the deep;
And again he asked: "Is there one so brave
As to plunge for the gold in the dangerous wave?"

And the knights and the knaves all answerless hear
The challenging words of the speaker;
And some glance downwards with looks of fear,
And none are ambitious of winning the beaker.
And a third time the king his question urges—
"Dares none, then, breast the menacing surges?"

But the silence lasts unbroken and long;
When a Page, fair-featured and soft,
Steps forth from the shuddering vassal-throng,
And his mantle and girdle already are doffed:
And the groups of nobles and damsels nigh
Envisage the youth with a wondering eye.

He dreadlessly moves to the gaunt crag's brow,
And measures the drear depth under;—
But the waters Charybdis had swallowed, she now
Regurgitates, bellowing back in thunder;
And the foam, with a stunning and horrible sound,
Breaks its hoar way through the waves around.

THE DIVER

And now, ere the din rethunders, the youth
Invokes the great name of God;
And blended shrieks of horror and ruth
Burst forth as he plunges headlong unawed:
And down he descends through the watery bed,
And the waves boom over his sinking head.

Now, wert thou even, O Monarch! to fling
Thy crown in the angry abyss,
And exclaim, "Who recovers the crown shall be king!"
The guerdon were powerless to tempt me, I wis;
But hark!—with a noise like the howling of storms,
Again the wild water the surface deforms.

When, lo! ere as yet the billowy war,
Loud raging beneath, is o'er,
An arm and a neck are distinguished afar—
And a swimmer is seen to make for the shore;
And hardly buffeting surge and breaker,
He springs upon land with the golden beaker.

Now bearing the booty triumphantly,
At the foot of the throne he falls,
And he proffers his trophy on bended knee;
And the king to his beautiful daughter calls,
Who fills with red wine the golden cup,
While the gallant stripling again stands up:

"All hail to the King! Rejoice, ye who breathe
Wheresoever Earth's gales are driven!
For ghastly and drear is the region beneath;
And let man beware how he tempts high Heaven!
Let him never essay to uncurtain to light
What destiny shrouds in horror and night.

"But the God I had cried to answered me
When my destiny darkest frowned,
And He showed me a reef of rocks in the sea,
Whereunto I clung, and there I found
On a coral crag, the goblet of gold,
Which else to the lowermost crypt had rolled.

"And there I hung, aghast and dismayed,
Among skeleton larvæ; the only
Soul conscious of life—despairing of aid
In that vastness untrodden and lonely.
But the maelstrom grasped me with arms of strength,
And upwhirled and upbore me to daylight at length."

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Then spake to the page the marveling king—
“The golden cup is thy own,
But—I promise thee further this jeweled ring,
That beams with a priceless hyacinth stone,
Shouldst thou dive once more, and discover for me
The mysteries shrined in the cells of the sea.”

Now the king's fair daughter was touched and grieved,
And she fell at her father's feet—
“O father! enough what the youth has achieved!
Expose not his life anew, I entreat!
If this your heart's longing you cannot well tame,
There are surely knights here who will rival his fame.”

But the king hurled downwards the golden cup;
And he spake, as it sank in the wave—
“Now, shouldst thou a second time bring it me up,
As my knight, and the bravest of all my brave,
Thou shalt sit at my nuptial banquet, and she
Who pleads for thee thus thy wedded wife shall be!”

Then the blood to the youth's hot temples rushes,
And his eyes on the maiden are cast,
And he sees her at first overspread with blushes,
And then growing pale and sinking aghast;
So, vowing to win so glorious a crown,
For life, or for death, he again plunges down!

The far-sounding din returns amain,
And the foam is alive as before,
And all eyes are bent downward. In vain! in vain!
The billows indeed re-dash and re-roar;
But, while ages shall roll, and those billows shall
thunder,
That youth shall sleep under!

LA FAYETTE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WHILE we bring our offerings to the mighty
of our *own* land, shall we not remember the
chivalrous spirits of *other* shores, who shared with
them the hour of weakness and woe? Pile to the
clouds the majestic column of glory; let the lips of
those who can speak well hallow each spot where the

bones of your bold repose; but forget not those who with your bold went out to battle.

Among the men of noble daring, there was ONE, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vinehills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not *his* people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoil of the vanquished: the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings.

He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him. Yet from all these loved ones he turned away. Like a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter's storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came; but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new-risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time and careered to its place in the heavens.

He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and the briars cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the maiden was wiping the death damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was then that this ONE joined the ranks of a revolted people.

Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs, his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was

shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and at her pure shrine the pilgrim warrior, with his adored commander, knelt and worshiped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long deserted home.

After nearly fifty years, that ONE has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; and their long, long transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage.

How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads the high places where his brethren molder; he bends before the tomb of his FATHER;¹ his words are tears, the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings, those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that FATHER lived; and again his words are tears, the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitude revive; and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their *own* freedom; but who, like

¹ Washington.

BILL NYE ON HORNETS

this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless Chief! of glory's immortal tablets there is one for him, for *him* alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of LA FAYETTE.

BILL NYE ON HORNETS.

LAST fall I desired to add to my rare collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain-lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gray and airy house of the hornet. I procured one of the large size, after cold weather, and hung it in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it until spring. When warm weather came something reminded me of it; I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way, and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory,—a warm memory, with a red place all around it.

Then some more hornets came, and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling, so that I could go through the folding doors, and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me, and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off, because they were so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet.

I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June-bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than anything, and he came and lit in my sunny hair;—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke-house in order to smash him; and I had to comb him out with a fine comb, and wear a waste-paper basket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet; but he has an odd, quaint way after all, that is forever new.

THE SONG OF THE SANDMAN.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

AN old, old man, with whiskers white,
Flies over the earth as the night comes down,
And softly sings, in his gentle flight,
As he winds his way through the shades of night,
"Close, little eyelids! close up tight;
For the Sandman is in town."

He comes to the babe while yet 'tis light,
But on all at last the shower comes down,
And the eyes of blue and brown so bright
Must close when he sings, as he comes at night,—
"Close, little eyelids! close up tight;
For the Sandman is in town."

He knows what makes little eyes so bright,
So he pours the showers of bright sand down,
And sweet sleep lingers till broad daylight,
Then flies to him who sings each night,
"Close little eyelids! close up tight,
For the Sandman is in town."

THE COW AND THE BISHOP.

TOWNSEND.

ONCE, in a good old college town,
 Where learned doctors in cap and gown
 Taught unfledged theologues how to preach,—
 Youths of many a land and speech,—
 There was a student, studious ever,
 Whom fellows and townsfolk counted clever;
 Despite red hair and an awkward gait,
 "He'll be a great man," they said, "just wait!"

So it chanced, on a chill September day,
 When the wind was sharp and the sky was gray,
 This student, deep in a study brown,
 Was striding along on the edge of the town.
 A tiny cottage he neared and passed
 When the sound of footsteps approaching fast
 And his own name called, as in urgent need,
 Made him abruptly slacken his speed.
 As he turned, a woman had reached his side.

"Oh, sir! you are learned and good," she cried,
 "And my cow is dying, my own cow Pink;
 There's nothing she'll eat and nothing she'll drink;
 She seems to be moaning her life away;—
 Oh, lose not a moment, but come, I pray!"

"Good madam," said he, with a puckered brow,
 "My knowledge, I fear, would not help your cow.
 On cattle diseases I'm all unread,—
 You'd better consult a physician instead."

"Why, sir," said the woman, with pleading eyes,
 "They told me you were uncommonly wise,
 And for hours I've waited and watched for you,
 In hopes you would pass, as you often do."

So the student suffered himself to be led
 To the poor old cow, in the rickety shed,
 And he thought as he looked her carefully over,
 "How I wish you were out among the clover!
 But I must do something, right or wrong,
 Better than all this talk prolong."

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Now this quiet student loved a joke
As well as many merrier folk ;
So, pausing a moment, as if in doubt,
He traced a circle the cow about,
Which thrice he revised, with measured tread,
Stopping thrice at the creature's head,
While with solemn face, besuited the time,
Thrice he intoned this impromptu rhyme :

"Here a suffering animal lies,
Faithful, trusty and true ;
If she lives, she lives,—if she dies, she dies ;
And nothing more can I do."

Then he said, in a tone of an ardent lover,
"I heartily trust this cow will recover!"
While the woman, watching with wide-open eyes
And awe-struck face, was dumb with surprise ;
Till the student, with, "Madam, a very good day!"
Was out of the shed, up the road, and away.

Had the woman heard the laugh ring out
When the story was told that night, no doubt
Her faith in the charm she would hardly have kept ;
But, hearing naught, she believed, and slept.

Years afterward in that same town
There lived a bishop of much renown ;
Wise theologians spoke his fame,
And the little children loved his name.
But one sad day the bishop fell ill,
And the news spread broad, as such news will ;
One said to another, with tear or sigh,—
"Nothing can save him—our bishop must die!"

In his sunlit chamber, smiling and calm
As a child unconscious of aught to harm,
The sufferer waited with heart of peace,—
Patiently waited for Death's release.
The fearful swelling that stopped his speech
The skill of the doctors could not reach,
And now it is sucking his breath away,
And the shadows are falling, still and gray.

THE COW AND THE BISHOP

Of a sudden, a voice outside was heard
And the sick man's memory strangely stirred
As a woman entered, bent and old,
Making her way with assurance bold.
She paused a moment, then stooping low,
She marked a circle, with finger slow,
Across the carpet, around the bed,
From head to foot, and from foot to head ;
And then, in the circle she had traced
She hobbled around with eager haste ;
And why, 'mid servitors strong and stout,
Did nobody venture to put her out ?
Ah, why, no man of them ever could tell,
But each seemed holden, as by a spell,—
While the woman, in voice now high, now low,
Sang the student's rhyme of long ago :

"Here a suffering animal lies,
Faithful, trusty and true ;
If he lives, he lives,—if he dies, he dies ;
And nothing more can I do!"

Then she piped, in the tone of an old cracked bell,
"I hope the bishop will soon get well!"

But the words her lips had scarcely left
When the air with a quick, sharp cry was cleft,—
It rang through the chamber, it rang through the hall.
Up sprang the attendants, one and all ;
They stared at the sick man, perplexed, amazed—
Was the dying bishop suddenly crazed ?
He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks,
And, wonder of wonders,—"He speaks! he speaks!"
Ah, the woman had reached with her charm and crutch
What the surgeon's lancet failed to touch!
"The swelling is broken!" the doctors avowed,
As they clustered together, a joyous crowd.

In a tiny cot on the edge of the town
A little old woman, in kerchief and gown,
Recounts, for the hundredth time, the tale
Which never to her grows old or stale,
With many a flourish of withered arm,
Of the cow, the bishop, and potent charm.
"To think," she says to the aged crones,
"At last I can rest my poor old bones,
And never a thought to the future give,
But know that in plenty I ever shall live!
A wonderful man, you must allow ;—
God bless the bishop, and my new cow!"

THE TWO GLASSES.

THREE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth;
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down.
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky."

"I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.'
Ho; ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirst I've quenched, of brows I laved,
Of hands I have cooled, of souls I have saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the
mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain;
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with
grain:

BACK FROM THE WAR

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will.
I can tell of the manhood debased by you,
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid:
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—*Anon.*

BACK FROM THE WAR.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

I NEVER realized what this country was and is as on the day when I first saw some of these gentlemen of the Army and Navy. It was when, at the close of the war, our armies came back, and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. I do not care whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature he could not look upon it without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and he cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. Passing in silence, yet I

heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions, brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp—thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shouldered, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril.

Commanders on horses whose manes were intwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes, crying Huzza! Huzza! Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon-wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota, those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon, those were New England lumbermen. Those came out of the coal-shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come; but no! Looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming as it were from under the

THE PHOTOGRAPH HABIT

Capitol. Forward! Forward! Their bayonets caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eyes. We turned our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears, but still we heard it marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush—uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on, and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West—all decades, all centuries, all millenniums! Forward, the whole line! Huzza Huzza!

THE PHOTOGRAPH HABIT.

BILL NYE.

NO doubt the photograph habit, when once formed, is one of the most baneful, and productive of the most intense suffering in after years of any with which we are familiar. Sometimes it seems to me that my whole life has been one long, abject apology for photographs that I have shed abroad throughout a distracted country.

Man passes through seven distinct stages of being photographed, each one exceeding all previous efforts in that line.

First he is photographed as a prattling, bald-headed baby, absolutely destitute of eyes, but making up for this deficiency by a wealth of mouth that would make a negro minstrel olive green with envy. We often wonder what has given the average photographer that wild, hunted look about the eyes and that joyless sag about the knees. The chemicals and the indoor life alone have not done all this. It is

the great nerve tension and mental strain used in trying to photograph a squirming child with white eyes, in such a manner as to please its parents.

An old-fashioned dollar-store album with cerebro-spinal meningitis, and filled with pictures of half-suffocated children in heavily-starched white dresses, is the first thing we seek on entering a home, and the last thing from which we reluctantly part.

The second stage on the downward road is the photograph of the boy with fresh-cropped hair, and in which the stiff and protuberant thumb takes a leading part.

Then follows the portrait of the lad with strongly marked freckles and a look of hopeless melancholy. With the aid of a detective agency I have succeeded in running down and destroying several of these pictures which were attributed to me.

Next comes the young man, 21 years of age, with his front hair plastered smoothly down over his tender, throbbing dome of thought. He does not care so much about the expression on the mobile features, so long as his left hand, with the new ring on it, shows distinctly, and the string of jingling, jangling charms on his watch chain, including the cute little basket cut out of a peach stone, stand out well in the foreground. If the young man would stop to think for a moment that some day he may become eminent and ashamed of himself, he would hesitate about doing this. Soon after he has a tintype taken, in which a young lady sits in the alleged grass, while he stands behind her with his hand lightly touching her shoulder as though he might be feeling of the thrilling circumference of a buzz-saw. He carries this picture in his pocket for months, and looks at it whenever he may be unobserved.

Then, all at once, he discovers that the young lady's hair is not done up that way any more, and that her hat doesn't seem to fit her. He then, in a

THE PHOTOGRAPH HABIT

fickle moment, has another tin-type made, in which another young woman, with more recent hat and later coiffure, is discovered holding his hat in her lap.

This thing continues until one day he comes into the studio with his wife, and tries to see how many children can be photographed on one negative by holding one on each knee and using the older ones as a background.

The last stage in his eventful career, the old gentleman allows himself to be photographed, because he is afraid he may not live through another long, hard winter, and the boys would like a picture of him while he is able to climb the dark, narrow stairs which lead to the artist's room.

Sadly the thought comes back to you in after years, when his grave is green in the quiet valley, and the worn and weary hands that have toiled for you are forever at rest; how patiently he submitted while his daughter pinned the clean, stiff, agonizing white collar about his neck and brushed the little flakes of "dander" from the velvet collar of his best coat; how he toiled up the long lonesome stairs, not with the egotism of a half century ago, but with the light of anticipated rest at last in his eye; obediently as he would go to the dingy law office to have his will drawn, he meekly leaves the outlines of his kind old face for those he loved and for whom he has so long labored.

It is a picture at which the thoughtless may smile, but it is full of pathos, and eloquent for those who knew him best. His attitude is stiff, and his coat hunches up in the back, but his kind old heart asserts itself through the gentle eyes, and when he has gone away at last we do not criticise the picture any more, but beyond the old coat that hunches up in the back, and that lasted him so long, we read the history of a noble life.

Silently the old finger-marked album, lying so unostentatiously on the gouty center table, points out the milestones from infancy to age, and back of the mistakes of a struggling photographer is portrayed the laughter and the tears, the joy and the grief, the dimples and the gray hairs of one man's life time.

BILLY, HE'S IN TROUBLE.

I VE got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
 An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
 To think the boy whose futur' I had once so
 proudly planned
 Should wander from the path o' right an' come to sich
 an end.
 I told him when he left us only three short years ago,
 He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row—
 He'd miss his father's counsels an' his mother's prayers,
 too.
 But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd
 have to go.

I know thar's big temptation for a youngster in the
 West,
 But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist,
 An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waiting
 snares
 That lie like hidden sarpints in life's pathway every-
 wheres;
 But Bill he promised faithful to be keerful an' allowed
 He'd build a reputation that would make us mighty
 proud.
 But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his
 mind,
 An' now the boy's in trouble of the very worstest kind.

His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o'
 knowned
 'That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
 But never once imagined he would bow my head in
 shame,
 An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name.

KATYDID

He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother; it'd crush her poor ol' heart;
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.
—*Anon.*

KATYDID.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
 Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
 Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou 'mindest me of gentle folks—
 Old gentle folks are they,—
Thou sayest an undisputed thing
 In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
 I know it by the trill
That quivers through the piercing notes,
 So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
 Beneath the hollow tree,—
A knot of spinster Katydidis:
 Do Katydidis drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live?
 And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
 And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
 Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
 Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
 My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
 So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
 Or wet their eyes of blue:
Pray, tell me, sweetest Katydid,
 What did poor Katy do?

Ah, no! the living oak shall crash,
 That stood for ages still,
 The rock shall rend its mossy base,
 And thunder down the hill,
 Before the little Katydid
 Shall add one word to tell
 The mystic story of the maid
 Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
 And when the latest one
 Shall fold in death her feeble wings
 Beneath the autumn sun,
 Then shall she raise her fainting voice
 And lift her drooping lid;
 And then the child of future years
 Shall hear what Katy did.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

HARRIET B. STOWE.

"**W**AL, the upshot on't was, they fussed and fuzzled and wuzzled till they'd drinked up all the tea in the teapot; and then they went down and called on the Parson, and wuzzled him all up talkin' about this, that, and t'other that wanted lookin' to, and that it was no way to leave everything to a young chit like Huldy, and that he ought to be lookin' about for an experienced woman.

"The Parson, he thanked 'em kindly, and said he believed their motives was good, but he didn't go no further.

"He didn't ask Mis' Pipperidge to come and stay there and help him, nor nothin' o' that kind; but he said he'd attend to matters himself. The fact was, the Parson had got such a likin' for havin' Huldy 'round that he couldn't think o' such a thing as swappin' her off for the Widder Pipperidge.

"'But,' he thought to himself, 'Huldy is a good

THE MINISTER'S WOOING

girl; but I oughtn't to be a-leavin' everything to her—it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin' and guidin' and helpin' of her; 'cause 'tain't everybody could be expected to know and do what Mis' Carryl did; and so at it he went; and Lordy massy! didn't Huldy hev a time on't when the minister began to come out of his study and wanted to ten' 'round an' see to things? Huldy, you see, thought all the world of the minister, and she was 'most afraid to laugh; but she told me she couldn't, for the life of her, help it when his back was turned, for he wuzzled things up in the most singular way. But Huldy, she'd jest say, 'Yes, sir,' and get him off into his study, and go on her own way.

"'Huldy,' says the minister one day, 'you ain't experienced outdoors; and when you want to know anything you must come to me.'

"'Yes, sir,' said Huldy.

"'Now, Huldy,' says the Parson, 'you must be sure to save the turkey eggs, so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy; and she opened the pantry door and showed him a nice dishful she'd been a-savin' up. Wal, the very next day the Parson's hen-turkey was found killed up to old Jim Scroggs's barn. Folks say Scroggs killed it, though Scroggs, he stood to it he didn't; at any rate, the Scroggeses they made a meal on't, and Huldy, she felt bad about it 'cause she'd set her heart on raisin' the turkeys; and says she, 'Oh, dear! I don't know what I shall do. I was just ready to set her.'

"'Do, Huldy?' says the Parson: 'why, there's the other turkey, out there by the door; and a fine bird, too, he is.'

"Sure enough, there was the old tom-turkey a-struttin' and a-sidlin' and a-quitterin', and a-floutin' his tail feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower all ready to begin life over again.

"'But,' says Huldy, 'you know he can't set on eggs.'

"'He can't? I'd like to know why?' says the Parson. 'He *shall* set on eggs, and hatch 'em too.'

"'Oh, Doctor!' says Huldy, all in a tremble; 'cause, you know, she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh—'I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs.'

"'Why, they ought to,' said the Parson, getting quite 'arnest. 'What else be they good for? You just bring out the eggs, now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em.'

"So Huldy, she thought there weren't no way to convince him but to let him try: so she took the eggs out and fixed 'em all nice in the nest; and then she come back and found old Tom a-skirmishin' with the Parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom, he didn't take the idea at all; and he flopped and gobbled, and fit the Parson: and the Parson's wig got 'round so that his cue struck straight out over his ear, but he'd got his blood up. Ye see, the old Doctor was used to carryin' his p'ints o' doctrine; and he hadn't fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a tom-turkey; and finally he made a dive and ketched him by the neck in spite o' his floppin', and stroked him down, and put Huldy's apron 'round him.

"'There, Huldy,' he says, quite red in the face, 'we've got him now;' and he traveled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

"Huldy came behind, just chokin' with laugh, and afraid the minister would look 'round and see her.

"'Now, Huldy, we'll crook his legs and set him down,' says the Parson, when they got him to the nest; 'you see, he is getting quiet, and he'll set there all right.'

"And the Parson, he set him down; and old Tom,

THE MINISTER'S WOOING

he sot there solemn enough and held his head down all droopin', lookin' like a rail pious old cock as long as the Parson sot by him.

"There; you see how still he sets," says the Parson to Huldy.

"Huldy was 'most dyin' for fear she should laugh. I'm afraid he'll get up," says she, "when you do."

"Oh, no, he won't!" says the Parson, quite confident. "There, there," says he, layin' his hands on him as if pronouncin' a blessin'.

"But when the Parson riz up, old Tom, he riz up, too, and began to march over the eggs.

"Stop, now!" says the Parson. "I'll make him get down agin; hand me that corn-basket; we'll put that over him."

"So he crooked old Tom's legs and got him down agin; and they put the corn-basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

"That'll do the thing, Huldy," said the Parson.

"I don't know about it," says Huldy.

"Oh, yes, it will, child; I understand," says he.

"Just as he spoke, the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

"I'll make him stay down, confound him," says the Parson, for you see, parsons is men, like the rest on us, and the Doctor had got his spunk up.

"You jist hold him a minute, and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess;" and out he went to the fence and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

"Oh, my eggs!" says Huldy. "I'm afraid he's smashed 'em!"

"And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

"I'll have him killed," said the Parson. "We won't have such a critter 'round."

"Wal, next week, Huldy, she jist borrowed the minister's horse and side-saddle and rode over to

South Parish to her Aunt Bascome's—Widder Bascome's, you know, that lives there by the trout-brook—and got a lot o' turkey eggs o' her, and come back and set a hen on 'em, and said nothin'; and in good time there was as nice a lot o' turkey-chicks as ever ye see.

"Huldy never said a word to the minister about his experiment, and he never said a word to her; but he sort o' kep' more to his books, and didn't take it on him to advise so much.

"But not long arter he took it into his head that Huldy ought to have a pig to be a-fattin' with the buttermilk.

"Mis' Pipperidge set him up to it; and jist then old Tom Bigelow, out to Juniper Hill, told him if he'd call over he'd give him a little pig.

"So he sent for a man, and told him to build a pig-pen right out by the well, and have it all ready when he came home with his pig.

"Huldy said she wished he might put a curb round the well out there, because in the dark sometimes a body might stumble into it; and the Parson said he might do that.

"Wal, old Aikin, the carpenter, he didn't come till 'most the middle of the afternoon; and then he sort o' idled, so that he didn't get up the well-curb till sundown; and then he went off, and said he'd come and do the pig-pen next day.

"Wal, arter dark, Parson Carryl, he driv into the yard, full chizel, with his pig.

"There, Huldy, I've got you a nice little pig."

"Dear me!" says Huldy; "where have you put him?"

"Why, out there in the pig-pen, to be sure."

"Oh, dear me!" says Huldy, "that's the well-curb—there ain't no pig-pen built," says she.

"Lordy massy!" says the Parson; "then I've thrown the pig in the well!"

THE MINISTER'S WOOING

"Wal, Huldy she worked and worked, and finally she fished piggy out in the bucket, but he was as dead as a doornail; and she got him out o' the way quietly, and didn't say much, and the Parson he took to a great Hebrew book in his study.

"Arter that the Parson set sich store by Huldy that he come to her and asked her about everything, and it was amazin' how everything she put her hand to prospered. Huldy planted marigolds and larkspurs, pinks and carnations, all up and down the path to the front door; and trained up mornin'-glories and scarlet runners round the windows. And she was always gettin' a root here, and a sprig there, and a seed from somebody else; for Huldy was one o' them that has the gift, so that ef you jist give 'em the leastest of anything they make a great bush out of it right.away; so that in six months Huldy had roses and geraniums and lilies sich as it would take a gardener to raise.

"Huldy was so sort o' chipper and fair spoken that she got the hired men all under her thumb: they come to her and took her orders jist as meek as so many calves, and she traded at the store, and kep' the accounts, and she had her eyes everywhere, and tied up all the ends so tight that there wa'n't no gettin' 'round her. She wouldn't let nobody put nothin' off on Parson Carryl 'cause he was a minister. Huldy was allers up to anybody that wanted to make a hard bargain, and afore he knew jist what he was about she'd got the best end of it, and everybody said that Huldy was the most capable girl they ever traded with.

"Wal, come to the meetin' of the Association, Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Pipperidge come callin' up to the Parson's all in a stew and offerin' their services to get the house ready, but the Doctor he jist thanked 'em quite quiet, and turned 'em over to Huldy; and Huldy she told 'em that she'd got

everything ready, and showed 'em her pantries, and her cakes, and her pies, and her puddin's, and took 'em all over the house; and they went peekin' and pokin', openin' cupboard doors, and lookin' into drawers; and they couldn't find so much as a thread out o' the way, from garret to cellar, and so they went off quite discontented. Arter that the women set a new trouble a-brewin'. They begun to talk that it was a year now since Mis' Carryl died; and it railly wasn't proper such a young gal to be stayin' there, who everybody could see was a-settin' her cap for the minister.

"Mis' Pipperidge said, that so long as she looked on Huldy as the hired gal she hadn't thought much about it; but Huldy was railly takin' on airs as an equal, and appearin' as mistress o' the house in a way that would make talk if it went on. And Mis' Pipperidge she driv 'round up to Deakin Abner Snow's, and down to Mis' 'Lijah Perry's, and asked them if they wasn't afraid that the way the Parson and Huldy was a-goin' on might make talk. And they said they hadn't thought on't before, but now, come to think on't, they was sure it would; and they all went and talked with somebody else and asked them if they didn't think it would make talk. So come Sunday, between meetin's there warn't nothin' else talked about; and Huldy saw folks a-noddin' and a-winkin', and a-lookin' arter her, and she begun to feel drefful sort o' disagreeable. Finally Mis' Sawin, she says to her, 'My dear, didn't you never think folk would talk about you and the minister?'

"'No; why should they?' says Huldy, quite innocent.

"'Wal, dear,' says she, 'I think it's a shame; but they say you're tryin' to catch him, and that it's so bold and improper for you to be courtin' of him right in his own house—you know folks will talk—I

THE MINISTER'S WOOING

thought I'd tell you, 'cause I think so much of you,' says she.

"Huldy was a gal of spirit, and she despised the talk, but it made her drefful uncomfortable; and when she got home at night she sat down in the mornin'-glory porch, quite quiet, and didn't sing a word.

"The minister he had heard the same thing from one of his deakins that day; and when he saw Huldy so kind o' silent, he says to her, 'Why don't you sing, my child?'

"He had a pleasant sort o' way with him, the minister had, and Huldy had got to likin' to be with him; and it all come over her that perhaps she ought to go away; and her throat kind o' filled up so she couldn't hardly speak; and, says she, 'I can't sing to-night.'

"Says he, 'You don't know how much good your singin' has done me, nor how much good you have done me in all ways, Huldy. I wish I knew how to show my gratitude.'

"'Oh, sir!' says Huldy, '*is* it improper for me to be here?'

"'No, dear,' says the minister, 'but ill-natured folks will talk; but there is one way we can stop it, Huldy—if you'll marry me. You'll make me very happy, and I'll do all I can to make you happy. Will you?'

"Wal, Huldy never told me just what she said to the minister; gals never does give you the particulars of them 'are things jist as you'd like 'em—only I know the upshot and the hull on't was, that Huldy she did a considerable lot o' clear starchin' and ironin' the next two days, and the Friday o' next week the minister and she rode over together to Doctor Lothrop's, in Oldtown, and the Doctor he jist made 'em man and wife."

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THREE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

DER BABY.

SO help me gracious, efery day
I laugh me wild to see der vay
My small young baby drie to play—
Dot funny leetle baby.

Vhen I look on dhem leetle toes,
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
Und heard der vay dot rooster crows.
I schmile like I was grazy.

Und vhen I heard der real nice vay
Dhem beoples to my wife dhey say.
"More like his fater * every day,"
I vas so proud like blazes.

Sometimes dhene comes a leetle schquall,
Dot's vhen der vindy vind vill crawl
Righd in its leetle schtomach schmall.—
Dot's too bad for der baby.

*Dot vos me himself.

TROUBLE IN THE "AMEN CORNER"

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,
Und gorrybarrie he must eat,
Und I must chumb shbry on my feet,
To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und kicks my hair,
Und grawls me ofer everywhere,
Und shlobbers me—but vat I care?
Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
Vas schqueezin' me so nice und varm—
Oh! may dhere never coom some harm
To dot schmall leetle baby.

—Anon.

TROUBLE IN THE "AMEN CORNER."

T. C. HARBAUGH.

T WAS a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown,
And its organ was the finest and the biggest in
the town,
And the chorus,—all the papers favorably commented
on it,
For 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar
bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the
choir;
He was poor, but genteel-looking, and his head as snow
was white,
And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang
with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched
his vocal cords,
And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the
words
Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was old and
nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward always left him far
behind.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

The chorus stormed and blustered, "Brother Eyer sings too slow,
And then he sings the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago;"
At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told, in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay,
And, having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two,
They put their heads together to determine what to do.
They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively "for disturbin' of the choir."

Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile,
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style;
Our Philadelphia tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing
Fer to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing.

"We've got the biggest organ, the best-dressed choir in town,
We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown;
But if we must humor ignorance because it's blind and old,—
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."
Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach and four,
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York, and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb.

TROUBLE IN THE "AMEN CORNER"

They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm chair,
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice both cracked and low,
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation,
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation;"
"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge,
"And the choir, too!" he echoed with the graveness of a judge.

"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus
That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us;
If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother,
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another.

"We don't want any singing except that what we've bought!
The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught;
And so we have decided—are you listening, Brother Eyer?
That you'll have to stop your singin', for it flurrtates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear;
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low:

"I've sung the psalms of David for nearly eighty years,
They've been my staff and comfort and calmed life's many fears;
I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong;
But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet,
In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall
greet,—
Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of God up
higher
If the angel band will church me for disturbing heaven's
choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his
head;
The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was
dead!
Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs
before us,
And the Master dear had called him to the everlasting
chorus.

The choir missed him for a while, but he was soon
forgot,
A few church-goers watched the door; the old man
entered not.
Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sings his
heart's desires,
Where there are no church committees and no fashion-
able choirs!

"TOO MANY OF WE."

"**M**AMMA, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your childs could die."

She was only three years old,—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier every day.

Only a week, and the little Clare
In her tiny white trundle-bed
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart from that dreary day
What a place she had always filled.

—Anon.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

JANE TAYLOR.

WHAT are they? you ask; you shall presently see;
The scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
Oh! no;—for such properties wondrous had they
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles, small and immense,
From mountains and planets to atoms of sense;
Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay,
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

Next time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropt into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing's worth came with a
bounce.

By further experiment (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow.
A sword and gilt trappings rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail;
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,—
Ten counselors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candor and sense;
A first water diamond with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas "the pearl of great price."

At last the whole world was bowled in at the gate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof;
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

CROSSING THE BAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SUNSET and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT.

FROM "THE WIDOW BEDOTT' PAPERS."

HE was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns, that I shall never forget the longest day I live. He says to me, one winter evenin', as we was a settin' by the fire; I was a knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter), and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time). Well, he took his pipe out o' his mouth, and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikkeler way of lookin' round when he was goin' to say anything oncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," (my name was Priscilly naturally, but he most ginerally always called me Silly, 'cause 'twas handier, you know). Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem. I tell you, he had a sollem countenance naturally,—and after he got to be a deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked

sollemer than ever, and certainly you wouldn't wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights, 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down.

Why, it's an onaccountable fact, that when that man died he hadent seen a well day for fifteen years, though when he was married, and for five or six years after, I shoudent desire to see a ruggeder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year, and oh dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was a quiltin' to Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married.

I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt for better'n a year, and everybody said that was a settled thing, and, lo and behold! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but, lawful sakes! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing, I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round for evermore, and never comin' to the pint. Now there's Miss Jenkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejukest indiwidool to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I, "What?" I didnt say "What, Hezekier?" for I didnt like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laffin'.

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT

"Hezekier Bedott," says I. "Well, I would give up if I had such a name;" but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you have this minit o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should ha' named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott; it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gineration to gineration. But we always call him Kier, you know. Speaking o' Kier, he is a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me, I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she's a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott, she's a leetle out o' her reckonin'. But I was gwin to tell what husband said. He says, says he, "Silly;" I says, says, I, "What?" If I didnt say "what," when he said "Silly," he'd a kept on sayin' "Silly" from time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay partikkeler attention, and I ginerally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was.

Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly;" says I, "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say; didnt know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he woudent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minute as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'; think it can? Why, I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin', but he didnt. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one-hoss shay out to Boonville, to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them 'ere flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while

we was a-sittin' there husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now that was what I call a perdickelement, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband didnt. He only said, says he, "Consarn it!" How did we get out, did you ask? Well, we might a been sittin' there to this day, fur as I know, if there hadent a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they hysted us out.

But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." I could see by the light of the fire (there didnt happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgetful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles 'ceptin' when we had company). I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was uncommonly solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly;" I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "We're all poor critturs!"

THE CHILDREN.

CHAS. M. DICKINSON.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "Good-night," and be kissed.
Oh the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
Oh the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love, that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

THE CHILDREN

Oh my head grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild ;
Oh there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of hearts and of households ;
They are angels of God in disguise ;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses—
His glory still beams in their eyes.
Oh those truants from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child !

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done ;
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself ;
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule of the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge ;
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule.
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old home in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more ;
Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the "Good-nights," and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee—
The groups on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
 Their songs in the school and the street.
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tramp of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And Death says the school is dismissed,
 May the little ones gather around me,
 And bid me "Good-night," and be kissed!

A TALE OF THE ROAD.

AN OLD ENGINEER.

NO, my running days are over,
 The engineer needs rest;
 My hand is shaky, children,
 There's a tugging pain in my breast.
 But here in the twilight gather,
 I'll tell you a tale of the road
 That will ring in my head forever,
 Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering on in the twilight,
 The night was dropping her shade,
 And the "Gladiator" labored,
 Climbing the top of the grade.
 The train was heavily laden,
 So I let my engine rest,
 Climbing the grading slowly
 Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight,
 Ten minutes behind the time,
 Lost in the slackened motion
 Of the up-grade's heavy climb;
 But I knew the miles of the prairie
 That stretched a level track,
 So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
 And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
 Forty an hour or so,
 The engine leaped like a demon
 Breathing a fiery glow;

A TALE OF THE ROAD

But to me, a-hold of the lever,
She seemed a child alway,
Ready to mind me ever
And my lightest touch obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding her steady that night,
With my eye on the track before us
Ablaze with the drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four
Oft waved to me a signal,
A-playing round the door.

My hand was round the throttle
As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse lever down in dismay—
Near and nearer,—oh, God! eighty paces
Ahead was the child at play.

One instant, one awful and only,
The world flew around in my brain;
I smote my hand hard on my forehead
To keep back the terrible pain.
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night wind,
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine,—
How I got there I never could tell,—
My feet planted firm on the cross-bar
Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail;
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one stretched out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance and measured
The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank God! it was steady:
I saw the curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
Was lit by the deadly glare.
I know little more; but I heard it,
The groan of the anguished wheels,
And remember thinking, "The engine
In agony trembles and reels."

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

One rod—to the day of my dying
I shall think that old engine reared back,
And as she recoiled with a shudder,
I swept my hand over the track.
Then darkness fell on my eyelids;
But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
As racked by deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying,
We men that run on the road,
But that night, they said, there were faces
With tears on them lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning
As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever unconsciously pressed,
And lowered the speed of the train.
When my engine blew her greeting,
She always came to the door;
And her look, so full of heaven,
Blesses me evermore.

FOREVER.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THOSE who love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure as love, and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change,
A dear communion that will not grow changed.
The anchor of a love is death.

THE TOYS

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years;
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death.

THE TOYS.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

MY little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him and dismissed,
With hard words and unkissed,
(His mother, who was patient, being dead.)
Then, fearing lest excess of grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed;
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet;
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys—
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good—
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I, whom Thou has molded from the clay
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

LADY CLARE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IT was the time when lilies blow,
 And clouds are highest up in air,
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
 Lovers long-betrothed were they :
 They two will wed the morrow morn ;
 God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
 He loves me for my own true worth,
 And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,
 Said, "Who was this that went from thee ?"
 "It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
 "To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thanked!" said Alice, the nurse,
 "That all comes round so just and fair :
 Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
 And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ?"
 Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild ?"
 "As God's above," said Alice, the nurse,
 "I speak the truth : you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast —
 I speak the truth as I live by bread !
 I buried her like my own sweet child,
 And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have you done,
 Oh ! mother," she said, "if this be true,
 To keep the best man under the sun
 So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,
 "But keep the secret for your life,
 And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
 When you are man and wife."

LADY CLARE

"If I am a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie;
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay, now, what faith?" said Alice, the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas! my child, I sinned for thee."
"Oh! mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"Oh! Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh! and proudly stood she up!
 Her heart within her did not fail:
 She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
 He turned and kissed her where she stood:
 "If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the next in blood—

 "If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

THE MAN WHO APOLOGIZED.

IT was at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, and the time was ten o'clock in the forenoon. A citizen who stands solid at two hundred pounds was walking along with bright eyes, and the birds singing in his heart, when all at once he found himself looking up to the cloudy heavens, and a voice up the street seemed to say:

"Did you see the old duffer strike that icy spot and claw for grass?"

Then another voice down the street seemed to say: "You bet I did! He's lyin' there yit, but he'd git right up if he knew how big his foot looked!"

The solid citizen did get up. The first thing he saw was the beautiful city of Detroit spread out before him. The next thing was a slim man with bone-colored whiskers, who was leaning against a building and laughing as if his heart would break.

"I can knock your jaw off in three minutes!" exclaimed the citizen, as he fished for the end of his broken suspender.

The slim man didn't deny it. He hadn't time. He had his hands full to attend to his laughing. The solid man finally found the suspender, counted

"P four missing buttons and his vest split up the back, and slowly went on, looking back and wondering if he could be held for damages to the sidewalk. He had been in his office about ten minutes, and had just finished telling a clerk that an express team knocked him down, when in came the slim man with bone-colored whiskers. The solid man recognized him and put on a frown, but the other held out his hand and said:

"Mister, I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the walk and I laughed at you, but—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul I couldn't help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw, and—oh! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—I couldn't help laughing!"

"I want none o' your penitence and none o' your company!" sharply replied the solid man, and the other went out.

In about an hour the "fallen man" had to go over to the express office. The man with the bone-colored whiskers was there with a package, and he reached out his hand and began:

"Sir, I ask your forgiveness. I know what belongs to dignity and good manners, but—but—ha! ha!—when I saw your heels shoot out and your shoulders—ha! ha! ha!—double up, I had to—ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ah-h-h-h!"

"I'll lick you if I ever get a good chance!" remarked the citizen, but yet the man sat down on a box and laughed till the tears came.

In the afternoon as the citizen was about to take a car for home, someone touched him on the elbow. It was the man with the bone-colored whiskers. His face had a very serious, earnest look, and he began:

"Citizen, I am positively ashamed of myself. I am going to settle in Detroit, and shall see you often. I want to ask your forgiveness for laughing at you this morning."

He seemed so serious that the solid man began

to relax his stern look, and he was about to extend his hand, when the other continued:

"You see we are all—ha! ha! ha!—liable to accident. I, myself, have often—ha! ha! ha!—struck an icy spot and—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—gone down to grass—ah! ha! ho! ha! ho! ha!"

The solid citizen withdrew his hand, braced his feet, drew his breath and struck to mash the other fine. His foot slipped, and next he knew he was plowing his nose into the hard snow. When he got up, the man with the bone-colored whiskers was hanging to a hitching-post, and as black in the face as an old hat. The citizen should have killed him then and there, but he didn't. He made for a car like a bear going over a brush fence, and his efforts to look innocent and unconcerned after he sat down broke his other suspender dead in two. Such is life. No man can tell what an icy spot will bring forth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NATIONS AND HUMANITY.

GEO. W. CURTIS.

IT was not his olive valleys and orange groves, which made the Greece of the Greek, it was not for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plow in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

So with passionate heroism, of which tradition is

never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So, Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely, and fallen bravely, for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, that army must still march, and fight, and fall.

But countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations, he is a man. The end of his human destiny is not to be the best German, or the best Roman, or the best father; but the best man he can be. History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together towards one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds,—slowly, slowly over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crime,—advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. He faints, and falls, and dies; man is forgotten; but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and

religion,—love of freedom and love of God,—are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us rulers look, and learn justice, while they tremble; to us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the “Old World” are our teachers.

Our faith is in God and the right; and God himself is, we believe, our Guide and Leader. Though darkness sometimes shadows our national sky, though confusion comes from error, and success breeds corruption, yet will the storm pass in God’s good time, and in clearer sky and purer atmosphere our national life grow stronger and nobler, sanctified more and more, consecrated to God and liberty by the martyrs who fall in the strife for the just and true.

And so with our individual hearts, strong in love for our principles, strong in faith in our God, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HOW does the water come down at Lodore?
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time.
Moreover, he task’d me to tell him in rhyme;
Anon at the word there first came one daughter,
And then came another to second and third
The request of their brother, and hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.
And ’twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,
Because I was laureate to them and the King.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps,
For awhile till it sleeps,
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter-skelter—hurry-skurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
 Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in:
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.
Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,—
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?
 I looked at John, John looked at me,
 And when I found that I must speak
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak :
 "Tell me again what Robert said ;"
 And then I, listening, bent my head.—
 This is his letter : "I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given."
 I looked at John's old garments worn ;
 I thought of all that he had borne
 Of poverty and work and care,
 Which I, though willing, could not share ;
 I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
 Of seven little children's need,
 And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
 "We'll choose among them as they lie
 Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
 Dear John and I surveyed our band ;
 First to the cradle lightly stepped
 Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
 Softly the father stooped to lay
 His rough hand down in a loving way,
 When dread or whisper made her stir,
 And huskily he said : "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
 And one long ray of lamplight shed
 Athwart the boyish faces there,
 In sleep so beautiful and fair.
 I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
 A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
 "He's but a baby, too!" said I,
 And kissed him as we hurried by.
 Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
 Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,
 "No, for a thousand crowns not him!"
 He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
 Turbulent, restless, idle one—
 Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave,
 Bade us befriend him to his grave;

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no!
I cannot, will not let him go."
And so we wrote in a courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toll lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

—Anon.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

YET sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right:
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star!
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired apocalypse!

O friend! we need nor rock nor sand,
Nor storied stream of morning-land;
The heavens are glassed in Merrimac—
What more could Jordan render back?

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here:—
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

TWAS the eve before Christmas; "Good-night" had been said, And Annie and Willie had crept into bed; There were tears on their pillows and tears in their eyes, And each little bosom was heaving with sighs— For to-night their stern father's command had been given That they should retire precisely at seven Instead of eight; for they troubled him more With questions unheard-of than ever before; He had told them he thought this delusion a sin, No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been, And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds. Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten— Not a word had been spoken by either till then; When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep, And whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'oo fast as'eep?"

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus':"
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did then
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too." And, without a word
more,

Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast,
"Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come
then.

Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie; Amen."
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night
And b'ing us some p'esents before it is 'ight;
I want he should dive me a nice 'ittle s'ed,
With b'ight shiny 'unners, and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,—
Amen; and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, they again sought
their beds;

They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes;
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER

But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for-kiss;
But, just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers,
His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw
nigh.

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown—
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet,
Nor stopped until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
By the side of a table spread out for her tea
A work-box well filled in the center was laid,
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red;"
There were bells, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
When Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had been amply paid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year,
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."

So thinking, he softly extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied;

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

And out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before
light;

"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer!
"Then we dot up, and p'ayed dest as well as we tould,
And Dod answered our p'ayers; now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would
please,—

Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself."
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

E. T. CORBETT.

IT'S easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph!
Job had nothin' to try him:
If he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks
wouldn't have dared come nigh him.
Trials indeed! Now, I'll tell you what—if you want
to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm
an inventor's wife.
And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up
my coffee pot,
That 'Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it, and it mayn't
go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once that would keep
itself a-rockin'?
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head
bruised shockin'?

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE

And there was his patent "peeler," too—a wonderful thing I'll say;
But it had one fault—it never stopped till the apple was peeled away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and all such trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps o' them, but they don't bring in no cash.
Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's the aggravatinest man—
He'll sit in his little workshop there, and whistle, and think, and plan,
Inventin' a Jew's harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school, and the weeds is choking our corn.
When 'Bijah and me kep' company he warn't like this, you know,
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart—but that was years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur' then, and he had such a glib, bright way—
I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue my wedding day;
But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm beside,
And looked at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've just dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun,
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st before it was done;
So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give the thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits ef he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does sech cur'ous things;
Hey I told you about his bedstead yet? 'Twas full of wheels and springs;
It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head;
All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Wa'al, 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he set it
at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it, when—dear me!
sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whizz and whirr! I heerd a fear-
ful snap,
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet
up, just like a trap!
I screamed, of course; but 't wa'n't no use. Then I
worked the hull long night
A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a
fright;
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and thought he might
be dyin',
So I took a crowbar and smashed it in. There was
'Bijah peacefully lyin',
Inventin' a way to get out ag'in. That was all very
well to say,
But I don't believe he'd have found it out if I'd left him
in all day.
Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm
tired of my life?
Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's
wife?

COULDN'T STAND IT.

"**I**S this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest
girl in the car, and finding it wasn't, he put his
sample box in the rack and braced himself for solid
enjoyment.

"Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him be-
fore he could get his tongue unkinked. "Most be-
wildering day, isn't it?"

"Ye-yes, miss," stammered the drummer. He was
in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a
match, and the position of catcher didn't fit him as
tightly as his pantaloons.

"Nice weather for traveling," continued the girl,
"much nicer than when it was cold. Are you per-
fectly comfortable?"

"Oh, yes; thanks," murmured the drummer.

COULDN'T STAND IT

"Glad of it!" resumed the girl cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window and have me describe the landscape to you?"

"No, please," he muttered. "I—I'm doing well enough."

"Can't I buy you some peanuts, or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Suppose I slip my arm around your waist! Just lean forward a trifle so I can."

"You'll—you'll have to excuse me!" gasped the wretched drummer. "I—I don't think you really mean it!"

"You look so tired!" she pleaded. "Wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down, and I'll tell you stories."

"No—no; thanks! I won't to-day! I'm very comfortable, thank you!" and the poor drummer looked around helplessly.

"Your scarf pin is coming out, let me fix it. There!" and she arranged it deftly. "At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you, won't you?" and she smiled an anxious prayer right up into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer, and hauling down his grip-sack, he made for the door knee-deep in the grins showered around him by his fellow passengers.

"Strange!" murmured the girl to the lady in front of her. "I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me; big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men, and, besides that, there isn't any smoking car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing."

But she settled back contentedly; and at a con-

vention of drummers held in the smoker that morning, it was unanimously resolved that her seat was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.

—*Anon.*

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

S. W. FOSS.

THE gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth
and uv silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol'
brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stovepipe
hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel
down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high said, as he slowly riz :
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz.
An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother Moore ain't
here,
Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind's to volun-
teer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp of low-toned rowdy
style
Give an introductory hiccup, an' then staggered up the
aisle;
Then thro' thet holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er
sin,
An' thro' thet air of sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all sot on
edge :
"This man purfanes the house of God! W'y, this is
sacrilege!"
The tramp didn' hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith
stumblin' feet,
An' sprawled and staggered up the steps, an' gained the
organ seat.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST

He then went pawin' through the keys, an' soon there
rose a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' 'lectrify
the brain;
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an'
head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down 'kerflop upon the
keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high
and dry,
It swelled into the rafters and bulged out into the sky.
The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to reel
an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out
"Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain that melted in our
ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories an' drenched 'em
down with tears;
An' we dreamed of ol' time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the
mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother an' all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls
forgiven—
Thet burst from prison bars uv sin, an' stormed the
gates of heaven;
The mornin' stars they sung together—no soul was left
alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz on his
throne!

An' then a wail uv deep despair an' darkness come
again,
An' long black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes
uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs uv glad de-
light,
An' then—the tramp he staggered down an' reeled into
the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke
a word,
An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears had ever
heard!

He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye wuz dry
 thet day,
 W'en the elder rose and simply said: "My brethren,
 let us pray."

AUNT JEMIMA'S COURTSHIP.

WAAL, girls—if you must know—reckon I must tell ye. Waal, 'twas in the winter time, and father and I were sitting alone in the kitchen. We wur sitting thar sort o' quiet like, when father sez, sez he to me, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Wa'n't that a rap at the door?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." Bimeby, father says to me again, sez he, "Are you sure?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." So I went to the door, and opened it, and sure enough there stood—a man. Waal, he came in and sat down by father, and father and he talked about almost everything you could think of; they talked about the farm, they talked about the crops, and they talked about politics, and they talked about all other ticks.

Bimeby father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, "Can't we have some cider?" And I sez, sez I, "I suppose so." So I went down in the cellar and brought up a pitcher of cider, and I handed some cider to father, and then I handed some to the man; and father he drinks, and the man he drinks, and father he drinks, and the man he drinks till they drink it all up. After awhile father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Ain't it most time for me to be thinking about going to bed?" And I sez, sez I, "Indeed, you are the best judge of that yourself, sir." "Waal," he sez, sez he, "Jemima, bring me my dressing-gown and slippers." And he put them on and arter awhile he went to bed.

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO

And there sat that man; and bimeby he began a-hitching his chair up toward mine—oh, my! I was all in a flutter. And then he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" for I was most scared to death. Waal, there we sat, and arter a while, will you believe me, he began backing his chair closer and closer to mine, and sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" Waal, by this time he had his arm around my waist, and I hadn't the heart to take it away, 'cause the tears was a-rollin' down his cheeks, and he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "For the third and last time, I sha'n't ask ye agin, will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "Yes, sir,"—fur I didn't know what else to say.

—*Anon.*

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

B. F. TAYLOR.

O H, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

MASTER OF THE SHEEPFOLD.

DE Massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar the long night rain begin,
So He call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

O den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Dey's some dey's black and thin,
And some dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de Massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin,
So He let down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro de gloomerin' rain-paf,
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

THOMAS HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born—
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The vi'lets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

THE HANTHEM.

SPEAKING of anthems (says a writer in the *Nautical Gazette*) reminds me of the story of two old British sailors who were talking over their shore experience. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while, and then said: "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What!" replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, giv me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that hand, handspike. Bill, giv, giv me that, hand, handspike, hand, handspike. Ah-men, ah-men. Billgivemethathandspike, spike, ah-men!' why, that would be a hanthem."

—Anon.

GIRLS, FROM A BOY'S VIEW.

GIRLS is grate on making believe. She will make believe a doll is a live baby. She will make believe she is orful sweet on another girl or a feller if they come to see her, and when they are gone she will say, "Horrid old thing!"

If yer don't do what a girl tells yer, she says your horrid. I'd rather be horrid than be soft. If you do what a girl tells you, you will do all sorts of foolish things.

Girls can be good in school every day if they feel like it. I shud think they would get tired, and have to do sumthing wonse in a while; I know a feller does. Girls say fellers act orful, but when a

MORNING

girl gets a-going it she acts ofter than any feller durst. They don't care for nuthing.

If a girl wants a feller to carry her books home, she ain't satisfied unless she gits the same feller the other girls want, whether she likes him or not.

Girls is grate on having secrets—I mean telling secrets. They make a secret out of nothing at all, and tell it around to all the other girls, just as if it was something dredful. I bleeve a girl likes to make bleeve they are doing sumthing dredful.

Girls olways gits their joggerfry lessons better than a feller; but if they are going anywhere they don't know their way a bit, and they are sure to git lost.

If a girl don't feel like doing a thing, you can't make her, no matter whether she had orter or not. If she won't, she won't, and she will git out of it somehow. That is all I know about girls this time.

—*Anon.*

MORNING.

EDWARD EVERETT.

[The following extract is a most eloquent passage of descriptive reading. Employ the highest qualities of voice in its rendition.]

AS we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great

watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine
 As I went down the street—
 A woman whose hair was silver,
 But whose face was blossom-sweet,
 Making me think of a garden
 Where, in spite of frost and snow
 Of bleak November weather,
 Late fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
 And a sound of a merry laugh,
 And I knew the heart it came from
 Would be like a comforting staff
 In the time and the hour of trouble,
 Hopeful, and brave, and strong,
 One of the hearts to lean on
 When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
 And met his manly look;
 A face like his gives me pleasure,
 Like the page of a pleasant book.
 It told of a steadfast purpose,
 Of a brave and daring will—
 A face with a promise in it
 That God grant the years fulfill.

NO DEATH

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother!"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true:
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began,
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man!

NO DEATH.

ROBERT COLLYER.

THE ship may sink,
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea.
But all I leave
In the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I
Though falls the sky,
And the shriveling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath;
There is no death
To the living soul, no loss nor harm.
Not of the clod,
Is the life of God,
Let it mount as it will from form to form.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

[Translated from the German.]

G. F. RICHARDSON.

BURG NIEDECK is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,
 Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;
 Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
 And if you seek for giants there, they are all dead and gone.
 The giant's daughter once came forth the castle-gate before,
 And play'd with all a child's delight, beside her father's door;
 Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did gladly go,
 To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.
 With few and easy steps she pass'd the mountain and the wood;
 At length near Haslach, at the place where mankind dwelt, she stood;
 And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
 Before her wondering eyes appeared a strange and curious scene.
 And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,
 She saw a peasant at her feet, a-tilling of the ground;
 The little creature crawl'd about so slowly here and there,
 And lighted by the morning sun, his plow shone bright and fair,
 "Oh, pretty plaything!" cried the child, "I'll take thee home with me;"
 Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
 And cradling horse, and man, and plow, all gently on her arm,
 She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do them harm!
 She hastens with joyous steps and quick (we know what children are),
 And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar,

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL

"O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found!
I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain ground."
Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And smiling with a parent's smile, he asks the happy child,
"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?
Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl; come, open, let us see."
She opes her kerchief carefully, and gladly you may deem,
And shews her eager sire the plow, the peasant, and his team;
And when she'd placed before his sight, the new-found pretty toy
She clapp'd her hands and scream'd aloud and cried for very joy.
But her father look'd quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me home, my child?—this is no toy," he said;
"Go, take it quickly back again and put it down below;
The peasant is no plaything, girl—how could'st thou think him so?
So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said;
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread;
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are;
The peasant is no plaything, child—no—God forbid he were!"

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

TWAS in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "ould sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, singing a snatch of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid

a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin, an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though I'm obligeed to ye for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

An' wid that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of time for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well-nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make diversion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but och hone! och hone! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the miskaties bit me hands and face to a blister; an' after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly

bamfoozled, I sat down on a log all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will! Whip poor Will!" "Bedad," sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Presently an answer came.

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar, an' snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry.

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "and if it wouldn't inconvenience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the ouse of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd," sez I, civil enough, "and a decent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he again.

"Me mother!" sez I, "and as fine a woman as iver

peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFigggin."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Paddy McFigggin! bad luck to yer deaf ould head, Paddy McFigggin, I say—do you hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, except Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Jim Doyle the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good for nothin' blaggard naygur, and if yiz don't come down and show me the way this min't, I'll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, ye spaldeen, so sure as me name is Jimmy Butler!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he, as impudent as iver.

I said never a word, but lavin' down me bundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. When I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forinst me.

"Whist," sez I, "and I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," and wid that I let drive and lost me balance an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer, at all, at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for by the powers I didn't throw me stick for nothin'.

Well, by this time the moon was up and I could see a little, and I detarminded to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I wint on cautiously for awhile, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeplechase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leavin' the ould cow puffin' and blowin' in a shed, I went to the house, and as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's.

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters—as purty a pair of gurls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him me adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl.

“An ould what?” sez I.

“Why, an owl, a bird,” sez he.

“Do ye tell me now?” sez I, “Sure it’s a quare country and a quare burd.”

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy’s adventure wid the owl.

—*Anon.*

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

F. H. GASSAWAY.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN towering on our right;
Far off the river lay;
And over on the wooded height
We held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still,
The day died slow and wan;
And while the gunners filled their pipes
The sergeant’s yarns began.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

When, as the wind a moment blew
 Aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view
 A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
 From fireside fresh she seemed.
(Of such a little one in heaven
 One soldier often dreamed.)

And, as we stared, her little hand
 Went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?"
 At length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again.
 She lisped out, "Who is me?"
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,
 The pride of Battery B.

"My home? Why, that was burned away,
 And pa and ma are dead;
And so I ride the guns all day
 Along with Sergeant Ned.

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,
 A cap with feathers, too;
And I march beside the drummer-boy
 On Sundays at review.

"But now our 'bacca's all give out,
 The men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross; why, even Ned
 Won't play with me and joke.

"And the big colonel said to-day—
 I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
 Like the Yank had over there.

"And so I thought, when beat the drums,
 And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent, and come
 Out here across the hill,

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,
 You'd give me some 'Lone Jack.'
Please do. When we get some again,
 I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed I will; for Ned, says he—
 'If I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe,
 And ride a prancing bay.'"

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er.
 You should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store
 Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
 A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice
 Said, "'Tention, squad!" and then

We gave her escort, till good-night
 The pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight—
 Or else 'twas tears that hid

The 'tiny form; nor turned about
 A man, nor spoke a word,
Till, after a while, a far hoarse shout
 Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, then cast sad eyes
 Upon the scene around.
A baby's hand had touched the ties
 That brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke
 Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
 The screaming missiles fell,

Our general often rubbed his glass,
 And marveled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell
 In the camp of Battery B.

NELLY GRAY.

THOMAS HOOD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray,
So he went to pay her his devoirs,
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"Oh! Nelly Gray; oh! Nelly Gray,
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow';
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"Oh! Nelly Gray; oh! Nelly Gray,
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms."

THE MORMON'S CHILD

"Oh! false and fickle Nelly Gray,
I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face,
But now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course,
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside.

THE MORMON'S CHILD.

INTO a happy household,
Where one wife's loving sway
Over the heart of her husband,
Made sunshine all the day;
Came the sweetest expectation,
That can thrill a woman's life,
The holy pain of the mother
To crown the joy of the wife.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

But a serpent was creeping, creeping,
Ready with deadly fangs,
To sting the soul of the mother
With worse than child-birth pangs ;
For the lecherous faith of the Mormon
Was wrapping its poisonous fold
Round the heart she had trusted fully,
And counted as pure as gold.
Her fountain of tears seemed frozen,
Her power of feeling dead ;
And the winter of woe soon whitened
The gold on the girlish head.

At length came her hour of travail,
And the wan lips faintly smiled,
On the gift from heaven so precious,
Her innocent little child.
But strangely old its visage,
And strangely sad its eyes,
Beneath whose beautiful fringes,
The shadow of suffering lies.

While ever, and ever, and ever,
Tears silently fall o'er their brim,
Upbraiding the father's desertion,
Pleading for love from him.
The mother bends over the cradle,
To watch her babe as it sleeps,
But even in infant slumber,
The little one constantly weeps.

Not with moaning or outcry,
But gentle as summer rain,
Trickle, sleeping or waking,
Those pitiful drops of pain ;
Till its life is dissolved in weeping,
And the soul of the mother is torn
With a second travail of sorrow,
As her child to the grave is borne.
Oh ! Mothers with babes in your bosoms ;
Oh ; maidens whose lives are a song !
How long will ye suffer your sisters,
To faint 'neath this burden of wrong ?

—Anon.

FASHIONABLE.

A FASHIONABLE woman
 In a fashionable pew;
 A fashionable bonnet
 Of a fashionable hue;
 A fashionable mantle
 And a fashionable gown;
 A fashionable Christian
 In a fashionable town;
 A fashionable prayer-book
 And a fashionable choir;
 A fashionable chapel
 With a fashionable spire;
 A fashionable preacher
 With a fashionable speech;
 A fashionable sermon
 With a fashionable reach;
 A fashionable welcome
 At the fashionable door;
 A fashionable penny
 For the fashionable poor;
 A fashionable heaven
 And a fashionable hell;
 A fashionable Bible
 For this fashionable belle;
 A fashionable kneeling
 And a fashionable nod;
 A fashionable everything
 But no fashionable God.

—Anon.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

JOE KERR.

ONE man looka at da labor quest' one way, 'noder
 man looka 'noder way. I looka deesa way:
 Longa time ago I gitta born in Italia. Pret'
 queeck I gitta big 'nough to know mya dad. I find
 him one worka man. Him worka hard in da hotta
 sun—sweat lika da wetta rag to maka da 'nough
 mon' to gitta da grub. Mya moth' worka too—
 work lika da dog. Dey make alla da kids work—

mea too. Dat maka me tired. I see da king, da queen, and da richa peop' driva by in da swella style. It maka me sick. I say, "Da world alla wrong. Da rich have too mucha mon', too mucha softa snap. Da poor have too mucha work, too mucha dirt, too much tougha luck."

Dat maka me one dago anarchista. I hear 'bout America, da freea countra, where da worka man eat a minca pie an' da roasa beef.

I taka da skip—taka da ship—sail ova da wat'—reacha Newa York.

Va! It reminda me of Naples—beautifula bay, blue sky, da plenta lazzaroni and mucha dirlta streets.

I looka 'r-round for da easy job. It noa go. Da easy jobs alla gone.

It mora work to gitta da work dan da work itself. I gitta down on da richa peop' more anda more alla da time. Geea Whiz! Dat freea countra maka me sick!

Well, aft' while I strika da job—pounda da stone on da railaroad. It near keela me, but I eat a ver' lit' grub, wear a olda clothes, and socka da mon' in mya sock eacha day. I learna da one ting—da mon' maka da mare go.

I catcha da spirit ofa da town: I maka what you calla da progress. I find da man what maka da mon' nev' do da harda work. I quit. I buya da buncha banan', putta da banan' ina da bask ona my arm, sella him ona da street. Hully Gee! I maka da twenty-fi' cent a day clear.

Ver' soon I have da gr-rata lotta mon'. I buya one handa org'; maka moosik, playa Ta-ra-ra-boom all ova da countra; maka more mon'; den I buy Jocka da monk. Da monk' is lika da business man—ver' smart. I maka him my cashier. Him passa da contribution box lika da deacon in da church. Him maka da face, him dance.

THANKSGIVIN' PUMPKIN PIES

Da biz grow. We sella da org'—buy one streeta piano. I hira one 'sistant. Da 'sistant pusha da piano, I grinda da crank, da monk' taka da mon'.

We gitta da ver' wella off. I gitta mar-r-red. Buya me one home, sweeta home. I investa ma mon'—buy da fruita stands on da sidewalk—hire da cheapa dago chumps to runna da stands.

Da labor quest' ver' simp'—ver' plain. When I poor I say:—"Shoota da monopolia! Keela da r-r-richa man!" Alla da same like when you in Roma do lika da Roma peop'.

Now I one r-richa man. I wear a da fine clothes, picka my teeth with da golda pick—wear a da diamond stud—driva my team and snappa my fingers. It maka alla da dif' in da worl' which sida da fence you stand on.

THANKSGIVIN' PUMPKIN PIES.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SO you bid me to Thanksgivin'! Thank you, neighbor, it is kind
To keep a plain old body like myself so much in mind;
Here I've been sittin' all alone; and a mist before my eyes,
A thinkin', like a simpleton, of Mother's pumpkin pies.

Yes, I've just come home from Sarah's;—come home,
I'm glad to say;—
And here, God helping me, I mean in future time to stay;—
Oh! Sarah's folks are very fine, but I felt all at sea,
And, though the rooms were 'mazin' big, they seemed too small for me.

The house is like a palace, and mine's a tiny nest,
But, neighbor, I'm contented here, I like this place the best;

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Just as Sarah's creams and salads I don't know how to
prize;
Her French cook costs a fortune, but—I favor home-
made pies,

Like Mother's; flaky, rich, and brown, and toothsome
with the spice;
I grew to loathe her dinners, cut in half with lemon ice;
Give me *good* food, biled greens and pork; and turkey
now and then;
I tell you on our mountain fare we've raised a race of
men.

Not spindlin' like them city folks in dress-suits, if you
please,
An' mincin' in their low-cut shoes, an' bowin' to their
knees:—
I hate such silly airs; I like to hear a hearty word;
No! I'm *not* deaf, but when one speaks, why, speak so's
to be heard.

In Sarah's house, 'twas "Aunty this," and "Aunty
that," until
I saw I made a discord, let me to do my best, an' still,
I'm sure the child loves Aunty, but, neighbor, she and I
Are far apart and nohow could our ways again draw
nigh.

She wears her black silk every day, a-trailin' on the
ground,
Leastwise, a-trailin' on the *floor*; 'tis called, I b'lieve,
tea-gowned,
An' frills an' lace, an' hot-house flowers, such waste, it
worried me,
Rememberin' Jotham Peckham's kin, as poor as poor
could be.

Rememberin' Jotham Peckham, I was vexed to see his
child
A-throwin' money here and there; it made me fairly
wild;
Her *house*, it's just like Barnum's, with jimcracks
everywhere,
When Pa and me the children took to see the wonders
. there.

THE STORY OF A BEDSTEAD

How I run on! Well, thank you, neighbor; I see you
want to go;
I'm comin' to Thanksgivin'; your good old ways I
know;
An' my mouth waters, dear old friend, there's tears in
these dim eyes,
For I shall taste the flavor of Mother's pumpkin pies.

And though I'm 'most three score and ten, an' cranky,
I'm afraid,
Once more I'll feel myself a child, my mother's little
maid;
And I'll be *very* pleased to help, in any way I can;—
Good-bye, dear, and my love to Ruth, a kiss to Mary
Ann.

THE STORY OF A BEDSTEAD.

IT was night.

The boarding house was wrapt in tenebrous
gloom, faintly tinted with an odor of kerosene.

Suddenly there arose on the air a yell, followed
by wild objurgations and furious anathemas.

Then there was a clanking and rattling, as of an
overturned picket fence, and another yell, with more
anathemas. The fatted boarders listened, and,
ghostly clad, tip-toed along to Buffum's room, he of
Buffum and Bird, second-hand furniture dealers.
As they stood there, there was a whiz, a grinding, a
rattling and a bang, and more yells. They consulted
and knocked on the door.

"Come in."

"Open it."

"I can't."

Convinced that Buffum was in his last agony they
knocked in the door with a bed post.

The sight was ghastly. Clasped between two
sturdy though slender frames of walnut, Buffum,
pale as a ghost, was six feet up in the air. He

couldn't move. He was caught like a bear in a log-trap.

"What on earth is it?" they said.

"Bedstead—combination—new patent I was tellin' you about," gasped Buffum.

His story was simple, though tearful. He had brought it home that day, and after using it for a writing desk, had opened it out and made his bed. He was going peacefully to dream-land, when he rolled over and accidentally touched a spring. The faithful invention immediately became a double crib, and turned Buffum into a squalling wafer. Then he struggled; and was reaching around for the spring, when the patent bedstead thought it would show off some more and straightened out and shot up in the air and was a clothes-horse. Buffum said he didn't like to be clothes, and he would give the thing to anybody that would get him out. They said they would try. They didn't want any such fire-extinguisher as that for their trouble, but they would try. They inspected it cautiously. They walked all around it. Then the commission merchant laid his little finger on the top end of it. The thing snorted and reared as if it had been shot, slapped over with a bang and became an extension table for ten people. When they recovered from the panic they came back. They found the commission merchant in the corner trying to get breath enough to swear, while he rubbed his shins. Buffum had disappeared, but they knew he had not gone far. The invention appeared to have taken a fancy to him and incorporated him into the firm, so to speak. He was down underneath, straddling one of the legs, with his head jammed into the mattress. Nobody dared to touch it. The landlady got a club and reached for its vital parts, but could not find them. She hammered her breath away, and when she got through and dropped the club in despair the thing

swung out its arms with a gasp and a rattle, turned over twice and slapped itself into a bed again, with Buffum peacefully among the sheets. He held his breath for a minute, and then, watching his opportunity, made a flying leap to the floor just in time to save himself from being a folding screen.

A man with a black eye and a cut lip told the editor about it yesterday. He said he had bought the patent and Buffum had been explaining to him how it worked.

—Anon.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

UCH! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands? To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be list'nin' than drawin' your remarks); an' is it mysel', with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she; "and, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder

nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurrl brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' sheared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for the fine b'y wid his paper collar, looks up and—Holy fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser agrinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stuck into the haythenesest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up-stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin'; an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and pladin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins an taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomphandles, an' he widdout a speck or a smitch o' whiskers on him, and his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dying you'd be to see the missus a larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't

want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen and he a-atin' wid drumsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the craytur' proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythin' mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till you'd be dishttracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin' would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomateres. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythin'? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathursday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name

nor any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap thim into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

BABY BELL.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?

The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
 Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
 Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

BABY BELL

She came, and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves ;
Like sunlight, in' and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day ;
The lily swung its noiseless bell ;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell !
Oh, earth was full of singing birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours !

Oh, baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day !
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay !
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of paradise.
And so we loved her more and more :
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born :
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen —
The land beyond the morn ;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When baby came from paradise), —
For love of him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!* — our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime ;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange ;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too :
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now :—
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame! /

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech ;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key ;
We could not teach her holy things :
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguageed pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
“Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief.”
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell ;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands :
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers :
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THREE once was a time when, as old songs prove it,
 The earth was not round, but an endless plain ;
 The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—
 Just millions of miles, and begin again.
 And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity
 It ever should end!—when the world could play,
 When singers told tales of a crystal city
 In a wonderful country far away!

But the schools must come, with their scales and
 measures,
 To limit the visions and weigh the spells :
 They scoffed at the dreamers with rainbow treasures,
 And circled the world in their parallels ;
 They charted the vales and the sunny meadows,
 Where minstrels might ride for a year and a day ;
 They sounded the depths and they pierced the shadows
 Of that wonderful country far away.

For fancies they gave us their microscopies ;
 For knowledge, a rubble of fact and doubt ;
 Wing-broken and caged, like a bird from the tropics,
 Romance at the wandering stars looked out.
 Cold Reason, they said, is the earthly Eden ;
 Go, study its springs, and its ores assay ;
 But fairer the flowers and fields forbidden
 Of that wonderful country far away.

They questioned the slumbering baby's laughter,
 And cautioned its elders to dream by rule ;
 All mysteries past and to come hereafter
 Were settled and solved in their common school.
 But sweeter the streams and the wild birds singing,
 The friendships and loves that were true alway ;
 The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,
 In that wonderful country far away.

Nay, not in their Reason our dear illusion,
 But truer than truths that are measured and
 weighed—
 O land of the spirit! where no intrusion
 From bookmen or doubters shall aye be made!

There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us
 On shadowy valley and peaceful bay;
 And souls that were truest still wait to meet us
 In that wonderful country far away!

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale of the land of Moab
 There lies a lonely grave;
 And no man knows that sepulcher,
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever pass'd on earth;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth.
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves,
 So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's crown
 The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
 On gray Beth-peor's height,
 Out of his rock eyrie
 Looked on the wondrous sight.
 Perchance the lion stalking
 Still shuns that hallowed spot,
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car,
They show their banners taken ;
They tell his battles won :
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dress'd,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall ;
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher,
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor ?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state where angels wait
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought—
Before the judgment-day ;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod ;
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

Oh lonely tomb on Moab's land!
 On dark Beth-peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still,
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell:
 He Hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

MR. FOGG'S EXPERIMENT.

MR. FOGG has a strong tendency to exaggeration in conversation, and he gave a striking illustration of this in a story that he related one day when I called at his house. Fogg was telling me about an incident that occurred in a neighboring town a few days before, and this is the way he related it:

"You see old Bradley over here is perfectly crazy on the subject of gases and the atmosphere and such things—absolutely wild; and one day he was disputing with Green about how high up in the air life could be sustained, and Bradley said an animal could live about forty million miles above the earth if—"

"Not forty millions, my dear," interposed Mrs. Fogg; "only forty miles, he said."

"Forty, was it? Thank you. Well, sir, old Green, you know, said that was ridiculous; and he said he'd bet Bradley a couple of hundred thousand dollars that life couldn't be sustained half that way up, and so—"

"Wilberforce, you are wrong; he only offered to bet fifty dollars," said Mrs. Fogg.

"Well, anyhow, Bradley took him up quicker'n a wink, and they agreed to send up a cat in a balloon to decide the bet. So what does Bradley do but buy a balloon about twice as big as our barn and begin to—"

MR. FOGG'S EXPERIMENT

"It was only about ten feet in diameter, Mr. Adeler; Wilberforce forgets."

"—Begin to inflate her. When she was filled, it took eighty men to hold her; and—"

"Eighty men, Mr. Fogg?" said Mrs. F. "Why, you know Mr. Bradley held the balloon himself."

"He did, did he? Oh, very well; what's the odds? And when everything was ready, they brought out Bradley's tomcat and put it in the basket and tied it in, so it couldn't jump, you know. There were about one hundred thousand people looking on; and when they let go, you never heard such—"

"There was not one more than two hundred people there," said Mrs. Fogg; "I counted them myself."

"Oh, don't bother me!—I say, you never heard such a yell as the balloon went scooting up into the sky, pretty near out of sight. Bradley said she went up about one thousand miles, and now, don't interrupt me, Maria; I know what the man said—and that cat, mind you, howling like a hundred fog-horns, so's you could hear her from here to Peru. Well, sir, when she was up so's she looked as small as a pin-head something or other burst. I dunno know how it was, but pretty soon down came that balloon, a-hurtling toward the earth at the rate of fifty miles a minute, and old—"

"Mr. Fogg, you know, that balloon came down as gently as—"

"Oh, do hush up! Women don't know anything about such things.—And old Bradley, he had a kind of registering thermometer fixed in the basket along with that cat—some sort of a patent machine; cost thousands of dollars—and he was expecting to examine it; and Green had an idea he'd lift out a dead cat and take in the stakes. When all of a sudden, as she came pelting down, a tornado struck her—now, Maria, what in thunder are you staring at me

in that way for? It was a tornado—a regular cyclone—and it struck her and jammed her against the lightning-rod on the Baptist church-steeple; and there she stuck—stuck on that spire about eight hundred feet up in the air, and looked as if she had come there to stay."

"You may get just as mad as you like," said Mrs. Fogg, "but I am positively certain that steeple's not an inch over ninety-five feet."

"Maria, I wish to *gracious* you'd go upstairs and look after the children.—Well, about half a minute after she struck, out stepped that tomcat onto the weathercock. It made Green sick. And just then the hurricane reached the weathercock, and it began to revolve six hundred or seven hundred times a minute, the cat howling until you couldn't hear yourself speak.—Now, Maria, you've had your put; you keep quiet.—That cat stayed on the weathercock about two months—"

"Mr. Fog, that's an awful story; it only happened last Tuesday."

"Never mind her," said Mr. Fogg, confidentially.—"And on Sunday the way that cat carried on and yowled, with its tail pointing due east, was so awful that they couldn't have church. And Sunday afternoon the preacher told Bradley if he didn't get that cat down he'd sue him for one million dollars damages. So Bradley got a gun and shot at the cat fourteen hundred times.—Now you didn't count 'em, Maria, and I did.—And he banged the top of the steeple all to splinters, and at last fetched down the cat, shot to rags; and in her stomach he found his thermometer. She'd ate it on her way up, and it stood at eleven hundred degrees, so old—"

"No thermometer ever stood at such a figure as that," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg.

"Oh, well," shouted Mr. Fogg, indignantly, "if you think you can tell the story better than I can, why

don't you tell it? You're enough to worry the life out of a man."

Then Fogg slammed the door and went out, and I left. I don't know whether Bradley got the stakes or not.

—*Anon.*

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

TIS the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and
dust?

What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
When the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?

Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite word,
From his throne to life's nethermost fires—
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may
gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in
vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won!

PETER SORGHUM IN LOVE.

ALF. BURNETT.

ONE day Sall fooled me; she heated the poker awful hot, then asked me to stir the fire. I seized hold of it mighty quick to oblige her, and dropped it quicker to oblige myself. Well, after the poker scrape, me and Sall only got on middlin' well for some time, till I made up my mind to pop the question, for I loved her harder every day, and I had an idee she loved me or had a sneaking kindness for me. But how to do the thing up nice and rite pestered me orful. I bought some love books, and read how the fellers git down onter their knees and talk like poets, and how the girls would gently-like fall in love with them. But somehow or other that way didn't kinder suit my notion. I asked mam how she and dad courted, but she said it had been so long she had forgotten all about it. Uncle Jo said mam did all the courting.

At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was farely consumin' my mind; so I goes over to her dad's, and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinkin' how to begin. Sall seed somethin' was troublin' me, so she said, says she, "Ain't you sick, Peter?" She said this mity soft-like. "Yes! No!" sez I; "that is, I ain't zackly well; I thought I'd come over to-night," sez I. I tho't that was a mity purty beginnin'; so I tried agin. "Sall," sez I—and by this time I felt kinder faintly about the stom-muck, and shaky about the knees—"Sall," sez I. "What?" sez she. "Sall," sez I agin. "What?" sez she. I'll get to it arter a while at this rate, thinks I. "Peter," says she, "there's suthin' troublin' you; 'tis mighty wrong for you to keep it from a body, for an inard sorrer is a consumin' fire." She said this,

PETER SORGHUM IN LOVE

she did, the sly critter. She knowed what was the matter all the time mighty well, and was only tryin' to fish it out, but I was so far gone I couldn't see the point. At last I sorter gulped down the big lump a risin' in my throat, and sez I, sez I, "Sall, do you love anybody?" "Well," sez she, "there's dad and mam," and a countin' of her fingers all the time, with her eyes sorter shet like a fellar shootin' off a gun, "and there's old Pide (that were their old cow), and I can't think of anybody else just now," says she. Now, this was orful for a fellar ded in love; so arter a while I tried another shute. Sez I, "Sall," sez I, "I'm powerful lonesome at home, and sometimes think if I only had a nice pretty wife, to love and talk to, move, and have my bein' with, I'd be a tremendous fellar." Sez I, "Sall, do you know any gal would keer for me?" With that she begins, and names over all the gals for five miles around, and never once came nigh naming of herself, and sed I oughter git one of them. This sorter got my dander up, so I hitched my cheer up close to her, and shet my eyes and sed, "Sal, you are the very gal I've been hankering arter for a long time. I luv you all over, from the sole of your head to the crown of your foot, and I don't care who nos it, and if you say so we'll be jined together in the holy bonds of hemlock, Epluribusunum, world without end amen!" sez I; and then I felt like I'd throwed up an alligator, I felt so relieved. With that she fetched a sorter screem, and arter a while sez, sez she, "Peter!" "What, Sally?" sez I. "Yes!" sez she, a hidin' of her face behind her hands. You bet a heap I felt good. "Glory! glory!" sez I, "I must holler, Sall, or I shall bust. Hooray for hooray! I can jump over a ten-rail fence!" With that I sot rite down by her and clinched the bargain with a kiss. Talk about your blackberry jam; talk about your sugar and mellasses; you wouldn't a got me nigh 'em—they

would all a been sour arter that. Oh, these gals! how good and bad, how high and low they do make a feller feel! If Sall's daddy hadn't sung out 'twas time all honest folks was abed, I'd a sot there two hours longer. You oughter have seen me when I got home! I pulled dad out of bed and hugged him! I pulled mam out of bed and hugged her! I pulled aunt Jane out of bed and hugged her. I larfed and hollered, crowed like a rooster, danced round there, and cut up more capers than you ever heerd tell on, till dad thought I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with. "Dad," sez I, "I'm goin' to be married!" "Married!" bawled dad. "Married!" squalled mam. "Married!" screamed aunt Jane. "Yes, married," sez I; "married all over, married for sure, married like a flash—joined in wedlock, hooked on for life, for worser or for better, for life and for death—to Sall! I am that very thing—me! Peter Sorghum, Esquire!"

With that I ups and tells 'em all about it from Alfer to Ermeger! They was all mighty well pleased, and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

GETTING READY FOR MEETIN'.

SARAH MCLEAN GREENE.

WHEN the ancient couple made their appearance, I remarked silently, in regard to Grandma Keeler's hair, what proved afterward to be its usual holiday morning arrangement. It was confined in six infinitesimal braids, which appeared to be sprouting out perpendicularly in all directions from her head. The effect of redundancy and expansiveness thus heightened and increased on Grandma's features was striking in the extreme.

GETTING READY FOR MEETIN'

While we were eating breakfast, that good soul observed to Grandpa Keeler: "Wall, pa, I suppose you'll be all ready when the time comes to take teacher and me over to West Wallen to Sunday-school, won't ye?"

Grandpa coughed, and coughed again, and raised his eyes helplessly to the window.

"Looks some like showers," said he. "A-hem! a-hem! Looks mighty to me like showers, over yonder."

"Thar', r'aly, husband! I must say I feel mortified for ye," said Grandma. "Seein' as you're a professor, too, and thar' ain't been a single Sunday mornin' since I've lived with ye, pa, summer or winter, but what you've seen showers, and it r'aly seems to me it's dreadful inconsistent when thar' ain't no cloud in the sky, and don't look no more like rain than I do." And Grandma's face, in spite of her reproachful tones, was, above all, blandly sunlike and expressive of anything rather than deluge and watery disaster.

Grandpa was silent a little while, then coughed again. I had never seen Grandpa in worse straits. . . .

Immediately after breakfast he set out for the barn, ostensibly to "see to the chores;" really, I believe to obtain a few moments' respite, before worse evil should come upon him.

Pretty soon Grandma was at the back door calling in firm though persuasive tones:

"Husband! husband! come in, now, and get ready."

No answer. Then it was in another key, weighty yet expressive of no weak irritation, that Grandma called, "Come, pa! pa-a! pa-a-a!" Still no answer.

Then that voice of Grandma's sung out like a trumpet, terrible with meaning—"Bijonah Keeler!"

But Grandpa appeared not. Next, I saw Grand-

ma slowly, but surely, gravitating in the direction of the barn, and soon she returned, bringing with her that ancient delinquent, who looked like a lost sheep indeed and a truly unreconciled one.

"Now the first thing," said Grandma, looking her forlorn captive over, "is boots! Go and get on yer meetin' gaiters, pa."

The old gentleman, having invested himself with those sacred relics, came pathetically limping into the room.

"I declare, ma," said he, "somehow these things,—phew!—somehow they pinch my feet dreadfully. I don't know what it is,—phew! They're dreadful oncomf'table things somehow."

"Since I've known ye, pa," solemnly ejaculated Grandma Keeler, "you've never had a pair o' meetin' boots that set easy on yer feet. You'd ought to get boots big enough for ye, pa," she continued, looking down disapprovingly on the old gentleman's pedal extremities, which resembled two small scows at anchor, in black cloth encasements, "and not be so proud as to go to pinchin' yer feet into gaiters a number o' sizes too small for ye."

"They're number tens, I tell ye!" roared Grandpa, nettled outrageously by this cutting taunt.

"Wall, thar' now, pa," said Grandma, soothingly; "if I had sech feet as that, I wouldn't go to spreadin' it all over town, if I was you—but it's time we stopped bickerin' now, husband, and got ready for meetin'; so set down and let me wash yer head."

"I've washed once this mornin'. It's clean enough," Grandpa protested; but in vain. He was planted in a chair, and Grandma Keeler, with rag and soap and a basin of water, attacked the old gentleman vigorously, much as I have seen cruel mothers wash the faces of their earth-begrimed infants. He only gave expression to such groans as—

GETTING READY FOR MEETIN'

"Thar', ma! don't tear my ears to pieces! Come, ma! you've got my eyes so full o' soap now, ma, that I can't see nothin'. Phew! Laudy! Ain't ye most through with this, ma?"

Then came the dyeing process, which Grandma Keeler assured me, aside, made Grandpa "look like a man o' thirty;" but to me, after it he looked neither old nor young, human nor inhuman, nor like anything that I had ever seen before under the sun.

"There's the lotion, the potion, the dye-er, and the setter," said Grandma, pointing to four bottles on the table. "Now, whar's the directions, Madeline?"

These having been produced from between the leaves of the family Bible, Madeline read, while Grandma made a vigorous practical application of the various mixtures.

"'This admirable lotion,'"—in soft ecstatic tones Madeline rehearsed the flowery language of the recipe—"though not so instantaneously startling in its effect as our inestimable dyer and setter, yet forms a most essential part of the whole process, opening, as it does, the dry and lifeless pores of the scalp, imparting to them new life and beauty, and rendering them more easily susceptible to the applications which follow. But we must go deeper than this; a tone must be given to the whole system by means of the cleansing and rejuvenating of the very center of our beings, and, for this purpose, we have prepared our wonderful potion.' Here Grandpa, with a wry face, was made to swallow a spoonful of the mixture. "'Our unparalleled dyer,'" Madeline continued, "'restores black hair to a more than original gloss and brilliancy, and gives to the faded golden tress the sunny flashes of youth.'" Grandpa was dyed. "'Our world-renowned setter completes and perfects the whole process by adding tone and permanency to the efficacious qualities of the lotion, potion, and dyer,

etc.'"; while on Grandpa's head the unutterable dye was set.

"Now, read teacher some of the testimonials, daughter," said Grandma Keeler, whose face was one broad, generous illustration of that rare and peculiar virtue called faith.

So Madeline continued: "'Mrs. Hiram Briggs, of North Dedham, writes: I was terribly afflicted with baldness, so that, for months, I was little more than an outcast from society, and an object of pity to my most familiar friends. I tried every remedy in vain. At length I heard of your wonderful restorative. After a week's application, my hair had already begun to grow in what seemed the most miraculous manner. At the end of ten months, it had assumed such length and proportions as to be a most luxurious burden, and where I had before been regarded with pity and aversion, I became the envied and admired of all beholders.'"

"Just think!" said Grandma Keeler, with rapturous sympathy and gratitude, "how that poor creetur must 'a' felt!"

"'Orion Spaulding, of Weedsburg, Vermont,'" Madeline went on—but here I had to beg to be excused, and went to my room to get ready for the Sunday-school.

When I came down again, Grandpa Keeler was seated, completely arrayed in his best clothes, opposite Grandma, who held the big family Bible in her lap, and a Sunday-school question-book in one hand.

"Now, pa," said she, "what tribe was it in sacred writ that wore bunnits?" I was compelled to infer from the tone of Grandpa Keeler's answer that his temper had not undergone a mollifying process during my absence.

"Come, ma," said he, "how much longer ye goin' to pester me in this way?"

MINE AND THINE

"Why, pa," Grandma rejoined calmly, "until you git a proper understandin' of it. What tribe was it in sacred writ that wore bunnits?"

"Laudy!" exclaimed the old man. "How d'y'e suppose I know! They must 'a-been a tarnal old-womanish lookin' set any way."

"The tribe o' Judah, pa," said Grandma gravely. "Now, how good it is, husband, to have your understandin' all freshened up on the Scripters!"

"Come, come, ma!" said Grandpa, rising nervously, "it's time we was startin'. When I make up my mind to go anywhere I always want to git there in time. If I was goin' to the Old Harry, I should want to git there in time."

"It's my consarn that we shall git thar' before time, some on us," said Grandma, with sad meaning, "unless we learn to use more respec'ful language."

MINE AND THINE.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TWO words about the world we see,
And nought but Mine and Thine they be.
Ah! might we drive them forth and wide
With us should rest and peace abide;
All free, nought owned of goods and gear,
By men and women though it were.
Common to all all wheat and wine
Over the seas and up the Rhine.
No manslayer then the wide world o'er
When Mine and Thine are known no more.
Yea, God, well counseled for our health,
Gave all this fleeting earthly wealth
A common heritage to all,
That men might feed them therewithal,
And clothe their limbs and shoe their feet
And live a simple life and sweet.
But now so rageth greediness
That each desireth nothing less
Than all the world, and all his own;
And all for him and him alone.

KING O'TOOLE AND ST. KEVIN.

SAMUEL LOVER.

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore
 Skylark never warbles o'er,
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep."

—MOORE.

WHÖ has not read of St. Kevin, celebrated as he has been by Moore in the melodies of his native land, with whose wild and impassioned music he has so intimately entwined his name? Through him, in the beautiful ballad whence the epigraph of this story is quoted, the world already knows that the skylark, through the intervention of the saint, never startles the morning with its joyous note in the lonely valley of Glendalough. In the same ballad, the unhappy passion which the saint inspired, and the "unholy blue" eyes of Kathleen, and the melancholy fate of the heroine by the saint's being "unused to the melting mood," are also celebrated; as well as the superstitious *finale* of the legend, in the spectral appearance of the love-lorn maiden:—

"And her ghost was seen to glide
 Gently o'er the fatal tide."

Thus has Moore given, within the limits of a ballad, the spirit of two legends of Glendalough, which otherwise the reader might have been put to the trouble of reaching after a more round-about fashion. But, luckily for those coming after him, one legend he has left to be

"——touched by a hand more unworthy"—

and instead of a lyrical essence, the raw material in prose is offered, nearly *verbatim* as it was furnished to me by that celebrated guide and *bore*, Joe Irwin,

KING O'TOOLE AND ST. KEVIN

who traces his descent in a direct line from the old Irish kings, and warns the public in general that "there's a power of them spalpeens shtravaigin' about, shtrivin' to put their *comether* upon the quol'ty (quality *), and callin' themselves Irwin (knowin', the thieves o' the world, how his name had gone far and near, as the rale guide), for to deceave dacent people; but never to b'lieve the likes—for it was only mulvatherin people they wor." For my part, I promised never to put faith in any but himself; and the old rogue's self-love being satisfied, we set out to explore the wonders of Glendalough. On arriving at a small ruin, situated on the south-eastern side of the lake, my guide assumed an air of importance, and led me into the ivy-covered remains, through a small square doorway, whose simple structure gave evidence of its early date; a lintel of stone lay across two upright supporters, after the fashion of such remains in Ireland.

"This, sir," said my guide, putting himself in an attitude, "is the chapel of King O'Toole—av coorse y'iv often heerd o' King O'Toole, your honor?"

"Never," said I.

"Musha, thin, do you tell me so?" said he; "by Gor, I thought all the world, far and near, heerd o' King O'Toole—well! well!! but the darkness of mankind is ontellible. Well, sir, you must know, as you didn't hear it afore, that there was wanst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that owned the churches in the airy days."

"Surely," said I, "the churches were not in King O'Toole's time?"

"Oh, by no manes, your honor—throth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The Churches,' bekase they wor built

*The Irish peasantry very generally call the higher orders "quality."

afther by St. Kavin, and wint by the name o' the Churches iver more; and, therefore, av coarse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king owned the Churches—and why not, sir, seein' 'twas his birth-right, time out o' mind, beyant the flood? Well, the king, you see, was the right sort—he was the *raile* boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer: and the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin, ay, throth, far plintyer than the sheep is now; and that's the way it was with the king, from the crow o' the cock to the song o' the redbreast.

"In this counthry, sir," added he, speaking parenthetically in an under tone, "we think it onlooky to kill the redbreast, for the robin is God's own bird."

Then, elevating his voice to its former pitch, he proceeded:—

"Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in coarse o' time, the king grewn ould, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got sthricken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, bekase he couldn't go a huntin' no longer; and, by dad, the poor king was obleeged at last for to get a goose to divart him."

Here an involuntary smile was produced by this regal mode of recreation, "the royal game of goose."

"Oh, you may laugh, if you like," said he, half-affronted, "but it's thruth I'm tellin' you; and the way the goose divarted him was this-a-way: you see, the goose used for to swim across the lake, and go down divin' for thrount (and not finer thrount in all Ireland than the same thrount), and catch fish on a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake divartin' the poor king, that you'd think he'd break his sides laughin' at the frolicsome

tricks av his goose; so, in coorse o' time, the goose was the greatest pet in the counthry, and the biggest rogue, and divarted the king to no end, and the poor king was as happy as the day was long. So that's the way it was; and all went on mighty well, antil, by dad, the goose got stricken in years, as well as the king, and grown stiff in the limbs, like her masther, and couldn't divart him no longer, and then it was that the poor king was lost compleate, and didn't know what in the wide world to do, seein' he was gone out of all divarshin, by raison that the goose was no more in the flower of her blume.

"Well, the king was nigh-hand broken-hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin' one mornin' by the edge of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, an' thinkin' o' drownin' himself, that could get no divarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin' round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin' up to him.

"'God save you,' says the king (for the king was a civil-spoken gentleman, by all accounts), 'God save you,' says he to the young man.

"'God save you kindly,' says the young man to him back again; 'God save you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.'

"'Thrue for you,' says the king, 'I am King O'Toole,' says he, 'prince and plennypenny tinchery o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem ye to know that?' says he.

"'O, never mind,' says Saint Kavin.

"For you see," said old Joe, in his under-tone again, and looking very knowingly, "it *was* Saint Kavin, sure enough—the saint himself in disguise, and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he, 'I know more than that,' says he, 'nor twice that.'

"'And who are you?' said the king, 'that makes so bowld—who are you, at all at all?'

"'Oh, never you mind,' says Saint Kavin, 'who I

am; you'll know more o' me before we part, King O'Toole,' says he.

"I'll be proud o' the knowledge o' your acquaintance, sir," says the king, mighty p'lite.

"Troth, you may say that," says Saint Kavin. "And now, may I make bowld to ax, how is your goose, King O'Toole?" says he.

"Blur-an-agers, how kem you to know about my goose?" says the king.

"O, no matther; I was givin to understand it," says Saint Kavin.

"Oh, that's a folly to talk," says the king; "bekase myself and my goose is private frinds," says he, "and no one could tell you," says he, "barrin' the fairies."

"Oh, thin, it wasn't the fairies," says Saint Kavin; "for I'd have you to know," says he, "that I don't keep the likes o' sitch company."

"You might do worse, then, my gay fellow," says the king; "for it's *they* could show you a crock o' money as aisy as kiss hand; and that's not to be sneezed at," says the king, "by a poor man," says he.

"Maybe I've a betther way of making money myself," says the saint.

"By gor," says the king, "barrin' you're a coiner," says he, "that's impossible!"

"I'd scorn to be the like, my lord," says Saint Kavin, mighty high. "I'd scorn to be the like," says he.

"Then, what are you?" says the king, "that makes money so aisy, by your own account."

"I'm an honest man," says Saint Kavin.

"Well, honest man," says the king, "and how is it you make your money so aisy?"

"By makin' ould things as good as new," says Saint Kavin.

"Is it a tinker you are?" says the king.

"No," says the saint; "I'm no tinker by thrade, King O'Toole; I've a better thrade than a tinker,"

KING O'TOOLE AND ST. KEVIN

says he—‘what would you say,’ says he, ‘if I made your ould goose as good as new.’

“My dear, at the word o’ making his goose as good as new, you’d think the poor ould king’s eyes was ready to jump out iv his head, ‘and,’ says he—‘troth thin I’d give you more money nor you could count,’ says he, ‘if you did the like: and I’d be behoulden to you into the bargain.’

“I scorn your dirty money,’ says Saint Kavin.

“Faith then, I’m thinkin’ a thrifle o’ change would do you no harm,’ says the king, lookin’ up sly at the old *caubeen* that Saint Kavin had on him.

“I have a vow agin it,’ says the saint; ‘and I am book sworn,’ says he, ‘never to have goold, silver, or brass in my company.’

“Barrin’ the thrifle you can’t help,’ says the king, mighty ’cute, and looking him straight in the face.

“You just hot it,’ says Saint Kavin; ‘but though I can’t take money,’ says he, ‘I could take a few acres o’ land, if you’d give them to me.’

“With all the veins o’ my heart,’ says the king, ‘if you can do what you say.’

“Thry me,’ says Saint Kavin. ‘Call down your goose here,’ says he, ‘and I’ll see what I can do for her.’

“With that, the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin’ up to the poor ould cripple, her masther, and as like him as two *pays*. The minute the saint clapt his eyes an the goose, ‘I’ll do the job for you,’ says he, ‘King O’Toole!’

“By *Jaminee*,’ says King O’Toole, ‘if you do, bud I’ll say you’re the cleverest fellow in the sivin parishes.’

“Oh, by dad,’ says Saint Kavin, ‘you must say more nor that—my horn’s not so soft all out,’ says he, ‘as to repair your ould goose for nothin’; what’ll

you gi' me if I do the job for you?—that's the chat,' says Saint Kavin.

"I'll give you whatever you ax," says the king; "isn't that fair?"

"Divil a fairer," says the saint; "that's the way to do business. Now," says he, "this is the bargain I'll make with you, King O'Toole: will you gi' me all the ground the goose flies over, the first offer, afther I make her as good as new?"

"I will," says the king.

"You won't go back o' your word?" says Saint Kavin.

"Honor bright!" says King O'Toole, howldin' out his fist."

Here old Joe, after applying his hand to his mouth, and making a sharp, blowing sound (something like "*thp*") extended it to illustrate the action.

"Honor bright," says Saint Kavin back agin, "it's a bargain," says he. "Come here!" says he to the poor ould goose—"come here, you unfortunate ould cripple," says he, "and it's *I* that will make you the sportin' 'bird.'

"With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings—"criss o' my crass an you," says he, markin' her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute—and throwin' her up in the air, "whew!" says he, jist givin' her a blast to help her; and with that, my jewel, she tuk to her heels, flyin' like one o' the aigles themselves, and cuttin' as many capers as a swallow before a shower of rain. Away she wint down there, right forinst you, along the side o' the clift, and flew over Saint Kavin's bed (that is, where Saint Kavin's bed is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison it wasn't made, but was conthrived afther by Saint Kavin himself, that the women might lave him alone), and on with her undher Lugduff, and round the ind av the lake there, far beyant where you see the watherfall (though indeed it's no wather-

fall at all now, but only a poor dhribble iv a thing; but if you seen it in the winther, it id do your heart good, and it roarin' like mad, and as white as the dhriven snow, and rowlin' down the big rocks before it, all as one as childher playin' marbles)—and on with her thin right over the lead mines o' Lughanure (that is, where the lead mines is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison they worn't discovered, *but was all goold in Saint Kavin's time*). Well, over the ind o' Lughanure she flew, stout and studdy, and round the other ind av the *little* lake, by the Churches (that is, *av coarse*, where the Churches is now, but was not *thin*, by raison they wor not built, but aftherwards by Saint Kavin), and over the big hill here over your head, where you see the big clift—(and that clift in the mountain was made by *Fan Ma Cool*, where he cut it acrass with a big swoord, that he got made a purpose by a blacksmith out o' Rathdrum, a cousin av his own, for to fight a joyant [giant] that darr'd him an the Curragh o' Kildare; and he thried the swoord first an the mountain, and cut it down into a gap, as is plain to this day; and faith, sure enough, it's the same sauce he sarv'd the joyant, soon and suddent, and chopped him in two like a pratie, for the glory of his sowl and owld Ireland)—well, down she flew, over the clift, and fluttherin' over the wood there at Poulanass (where I showed you the purty watherfall—and by the same token, last Thursday was a twelvemonth sence, a young lady, Miss Rafferty by name, fell into the same waterfall, and was nigh-hand drownded—and indeed would be to this day; but for a young man that jumped in afther her; indeed a smart slip iv a young man he was—he was out o' Francis-street, I hear, and coorted her sence, and they wor married, I'm given to undherstand—and indeed a purty couple they wor). Well—as I said—afther flutterin' over the wood a little bit, to *plaze* herself, the

goose flew down, and lit at the fut o' the king, as fresh as a daisy, afther flyin' roun' his dominions, just as if she hadn't flew three perch.

"Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor ould goose flyin' as light as a lark, and betther nor ever she was: and when she lit at his fut, he patted her an the head, and, '*ma vourneen*,' says he, 'but you are the *darlint* o' the world.'

"'And what do you say to me,' says Saint Kavin, 'for makin' her the like?'

"'By gor,' says the king, 'I say nothin' bates the art o' man, barrin' the bees.'

"'And do you say no more nor that?' says Saint Kavin.

"'And that I'm behoulden to you,' says the king.

"'But will you gi'e me all the ground the goose flewn over?' says Saint Kavin.

"'I will,' says King O'Toole, 'and you're welkim to it,' says he, 'though it's the last acre I have to give.'

"'But you'll keep your word thrue?' says the saint.

"'As thrue as the sun,' says the king.

"'It's well for you' (says Saint Kavin, mighty sharp)—'it's well for you, King O'Toole, that you said that word,' says he; 'for if you didn't say that word, *the devil receave the bit o' your goose id ever fly agin*,' says Saint Kavin.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," said Old Joe, half offended at detecting the trace of a suppressed smile; "you needn't laugh, for it's thruth I'm telling you.

"Well, whin the king was as good as his word, Saint Kavin was *plazed* with him, and thin it was that he made himself known to the king. 'And,' says he, 'King O'Toole, you're a dacent man,' says he; 'for I only kem here to *thry* you. You don't know me,' says he, 'bekase I'm disguised.'

"'Troth, then, you're right enough,' says the king,

'I didn't perceave it,' says he; 'for, indeed, I never seen the sign o' sper'ts an you.'

"'Oh! that's not what I mane,' says Saint Kavin; 'I mane I'm deceavin' you all out, and that I'm not myself at all.'

"'Musha! thin,' says the king, 'if you're not yourself, who are you?'

"'I'm Saint Kavin,' said the saint, blessin' himself.

"'Oh, queen iv heaven!' says the king, makin' the sign o' the crass betune his eyes, and fallin' down on his knees before the saint. 'Is it the great Saint Kavin,' says he, 'that I've been discoorsin' all this time without knowin' it,' says he, 'all as one as if he was a lump iv a *gossoon*? And so you're a saint?' says the king.

"'I am,' says Saint Kavin.

"'By gor, I thought I was only talking to a dacent boy,' says the king.

"'Well, you know the differ now,' says the saint. 'I'm Saint Kavin,' says he, 'the greatest of all the saints.'

"For Saint Kavin, you must know, sir," added Joe, treating me to another parenthesis, "Saint Kavin is counted the greatest of all the saints, be-kase he went to school with the prophet Jeremiah.

"Well, my dear, that's the way that the place kem, all at wanst, into the hands of St. Kavin; for the goose flevn round every individyial acre o' King O'Toole's property, you see, *bein' let into the saycret* by Saint Kavin, who was mighty 'cute; and so, when he *done* the ould king out iv his property for the glory of God, he was *plazed* with him, and he and the king was the best o' frinds ever more afther (for the poor ould king was *doatin'*, you see), and the king had his goose as good as new, to divart him as long as he lived: and the saint supported him afther he kem into his property, as I tould you, antil the day av his death—and that was soon afther; for the

poor goose thought he was ketchin' a throuth one Friday; but, my jewel, it was a mistake he made—and instead of a throuth, it was a thievin' horse-eel; and, by gor, instead av the goose killin' a throuth for the king's supper, by dad, the eel killed the king's goose—and small blame to him; but he didn't ate her, bekase he darn't ate what Saint Kavin laid his blessed hands on.

"Howsumdever, the king never recovered the loss iv his goose, though he had her stuffed (I don't mane stuffed with pratees and inyans, but as a curiosity), and presarved in a glass-case for his own divarshin; and the poor king died on the next Michaelmas-day, which was remarkable. *Troth, it's thruth I'm tellin' you;*—and when he was gone, Saint Kavin gev him an iligant wake and a beautiful berrin'; and more betoken, he *said mass for his sowl, and tuk care av his goose.*"

THE FOUR GEESE.

A SOLDIER, in a county town, having stolen four geese from a farm-yard, was carrying them very snugly to his quarters, but, unfortunately, a fellow, suspecting he had stolen goods in his wallet, insisted upon seeing the contents of his load, which, upon examining, he found, to his not very great surprise, to contain four geese. The enraged countryman could not help loading him with imprecations. "You rascal," he said, "it's no wonder our fowls and geese are so often missing, when such thieves as you prowl about to destroy and thieve them; but you shall be punished, you—you rascal, I warrant you; I'll take care you shall be hanged, you thief; so come along with me to the cage, and in the morning you shall go before his worship, the justice."

THE FOUR GEESE

Being in the morning introduced before his worship, who, by-the-bye, was not overstocked with the article of wisdom, the examination began as follows:—

Just. Well, neighbor Thresher, what have you to say against *that there defender there*?

Thresh. Why, please your worship, I cotched him going over a field with a bag on's shoulder, and so I thought, thinks I to myself, thinks I, that fellow do look most monstraciously like a thief, and so I would see what he'd got in's bag; and there, your worship, I seed four geese all dead, with their throats cut, and it please your worship. And if it's your worship's good will and pleasure, I should like to see him hanged.

Just. Stop, neighbor Thresher, we must go more *illiberally about this here affair*. Harkee, you fellow with the gooses, look at me, and don't be *afeared*; tell me how you came by *them there gooses in that there bag*.

Prisoner. They were sent me by my mother, please your worship, for me and my friends.

Thresh. It must be a lie, your worship; for if t'had all the feathers on, I could swear to 'em.

Pris. Please your worship, she did send them to me, and requested your worship would accept of the fattest of the four.

Just. Ay, did she; well, well, why I shall certainly not be above her little present. Harkee, neighbor Thresher, you must certainly have mistook this man, this is most certainly a very honest man; I must examine you, neighbor Thresher, for it would be a shocking thing to commit so honest a fellow as this; pray, neighbor Thresher, relate what you know of this matter.

Thresh. Yes, your worship: why, as I was going over a field yesterday—

Just. Stop, stop; you pretend to remember this

man ever since yesterday, and this is the middle of to-day; you must certainly have an excellent memory; but, pray what makes you recollect it so remarkably well?

Thresh. Why, I was going to fetch a nurse——

Just. Stop there, if you please: now, good people, attend to this: here's neighbor Thresher, a strong, hale, hearty man, going to fetch a nurse. Why, what could you possibly want with a nurse?

Thresh. I wanted to fetch her to a neighbor's wife, who was ill a-bed.

Just. What, then, you have no wife of your own?

Thresh. No, sir, I never had a wife.

Just. I did not ask you if you ever had a wife, I ask you if you have now a wife, and you say, no!

Thresh. Yes, sir; and I say truth, sir.

Just. Yes, sir, and no, sir; and you say truth, sir; well, we shall soon find that out. And was there nobody to fetch a nurse but you?

Thresh. No; my neighbor lay ill himself.

Just. What, did he want a nurse too?

Thresh. No, sir; he didn't. I went to serve him, and as I went along I called on a neighbor of mine, and so he walked wi' me; and so he and I took this man with the gooses and took him to a house, and then my friend and I were coming to tell your worship, when we heard a noise.

Just. Well, you heard a noise, did you; and I suppose you went to see the noise too, did you not?

Thresh. Yes, we went to see it from the house we had left.

Just. So it came from a house, did it; and, pray, what kind of a house was it?

Thresh. Why, please your worship, it was the "Cock and Bottle."

Just. Why, I never heard of that house before; pray, neighbor Thresher, what has a cock to do with a bottle?

THE FOUR GEESE

Thresh. I can't tell, your worship; it's t'sign of t'house.

Just. Well, and what passed there?

Thresh. Why, the landlord told me he was trying to 'scape.

Just. The landlord said so; and do you believe all the landlord of the "Cock and Bottle" says?

Thresh. No, sir; but I said, I hope it 'ant true, and he shook his head.

Just. Shook his head; and what did you understand by his shaking his head?

Thresh. Sir!

Just. I say, what did you understand by his shaking his head?

Thresh. I can't tell.

Just. Can't tell; can't you tell what a man means by shaking his head?

Thresh. He said nothing; but there was a vast number of people crying and lamenting, and all blaming the dead geese.

Just. Blaming the dead geese: why, what did they blame them for?

Thresh. Why, they blamed them for not running away when the man went to cut their throats.

Just. Why, neighbor Thresher, your evidence is not such as I can commit this man upon; I am sure he is a very honest fellow. However, send for the sargeant of his regiment, and let's hear what sort of a caratter he bears.

So, as soon as the sergeant arrived, he told him that his mother had sent him four geese—one for his worship, which he had kindly accepted; and one for him, which he hoped he would also accept.

Just. Well, neighbor Thresher, I have sent for the sargeant of the regiment, that he may have justice done him. Well, Mr. Sargeant, do you know that there man with the gooses?

Serg. Yes, your honor; and a more braver and honester man there is not in all our regiment.

Just. Why, that's a great character, indeed; but, harkee, are you sure you com'd honestly by them 'ere gooses in that there bag, for we had many fowls and geese lost from the farm-yards lately.

Pris. Please your worship, maybe be the foxes ran away with them.

Just. Why, ay, certainly there is something in that. There, neighbor Thresher, you see how it is, the case is clear enough; this is an honest fellow, I'll answer for him: go home, my good fellow, go home.

Pris. Thankee, your worship, thank you; I wish you all a very good day.

So the soldier, by the maneuver, got clear off with two of the geese, and the business was dismissed without any further trouble.

—*Anon.*

SAMUEL SHORT'S SUCCESS.

SHREWD Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers' speeding storms, succeeding sunshine, successively saw Simon's small shabby shop standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout sturdy sons,—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; Sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; Skeptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; Selfish Shadrach sold shoe strings, soap, saws, skates; Slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

SAMUEL SHORT'S SUCCESS

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sang several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly, singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales," said Simon. "Strutting spendthrift! shatter-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally; "Sam's smitten—Sam's spied sweetheart."

"Sentimental schoolboy!" snarled Simon; "Smitten! Stop such stuff!"

Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seizing Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling sidewalks, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously; stop sprucing so; stop singing serenades—stop short: sell saddles, sonny; sell saddles sensibly; see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's staple, so solicit, sure; so secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon; so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling, "specially since sire shows such spirit."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquises:

"Sophia Sophronia Spriggs Short—Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—she sha'n't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam she stopped starching; saluted Sam smilingly; Sam stammered shockingly.

"Sp-sp-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartin, Sophia," said Sam (Silence seventeen seconds)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sar-sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat soporific," said Sam, stealthily stanching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty sheldrakes, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely: so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling spring shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighing; superangelic sylphs shall—'"

Sophia snickered: so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam, solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

"Speak, Sophia, speak! Such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam; seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "Sartin."

—*Anon.*

ON THE ICE.

MARY ANN went to the front door, last evening, to see if the paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my "cold molasses style" of moving around. As she had opened the door she remarked, "I like to see a body move quickly, prompt, emphatic"—that was all; but I heard someone bumping down the steps in a most prompt and emphatic manner, and I reached the door just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk, in a sitting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity; but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Right in front of me on the slippery sidewalk, strode two independent knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and as I overtook them, I heard one of them say: "I have only my two hands to depend on; but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to paddle my own canoe. I believe I can make my own way through the world"—his feet slipped out from under him, and he came down in the shape of a big V. I told him he could never make his way through the world in that direction, unless he came down harder, and that if he did he would come through among the "heathen Chinee," and he was grateful for the interest I manifested. He invited me to a place where ice never forms on the sidewalk.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Patti. Their hands were frozen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he: "My own, I shall think nothing of hard work if I can

make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and support; your—" he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate; and as I passed by she was trying to lift him up.

Two lawyers coming from the court-house next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one, "Judge Foster would rule that out. We must concede the two first points. We can afford to do it if evidence sustains us in the third, but on this position we must make our firm stand, and—" his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easily is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be based—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents.

—*Anon.*

THE DISGUISE.

MINNA IRVING,

SWEET Cupid sat on a mossy bank
 With a tear in his round blue eye,
 His wings were draggled with silver dew,
 And his quiver and bow flung by.
 The butterflies came from the garden near
 And perched on his dimpled toes,
 And a honeybee sipped at his crimson lip
 And thought it an opening rose.

"Not an arrow went to its mark to-day,
 I wasted them all," he sighed.
 "My wings and my curls too well they know,
 So the men and the maidens hide.
 My mother must clip my pinions close,
 And must braid my locks of gold,
 And I'll borrow the frock of a damsel fair
 My roseate limbs to fold."

A "LITTERY" EPISODE

So now no more in the flowery field
Or the wood where the thrushes sing,
Do we hear the patter of naked feet,
Or the sweep of an airy wing.
He has stolen the gown of a pretty girl,
And her hat with its drooping plume,
And a cluster of velvety violets blue
From his breast to shed perfume.

He has donned her veil with its broidered edge,
And her gloves of the palest gray,
And hides his bow in her fluffy fan
Before he goes out to slay.
He has clipped his wings and braided his curls,
But beware of his roguish eyes,
For sly little Cupid is still the same
In spite of his new disguise.

A "LITTERY" EPISODE.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.*

I AM reminded of a thing which happened to me fifteen years ago, when I had just succeeded in stirring up a little Nevadian literary ocean-puddle myself, whose spume-flakes were beginning to blow thinly California-wards. I started on an inspection tramp through the southern mines of California. I was callow and conceited, and I resolved to try the virtue of my *nom de plume*. I very soon had an opportunity. I knocked at a miner's lonely log-cabin in the foot-hills of the Sierras, just at night-fall. It was snowing at the time. A jaded, melancholy man of fifty, barefooted, opened to me. When he heard my *nom de plume* he looked more dejected than before. He let me in pretty reluctantly, I thought,—and after the customary bacon and beans,

* From a speech delivered in New York.

and black coffee, I took a pipe. This sorrowful man had not said three words up to this time. Now he spoke up and said, in the voice of one who is secretly suffering: "You're the fourth—I'm a-going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. "The fourth littery man that's been here in twenty-four hours—I'm a-going to move." "You don't tell me!" said I. "Who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—dad fetch the lot!" [Laughter.]

You can easily believe I was interested. I supplicated and finally the melancholy miner began. Said he: "They came here just at dark yesterday evening, and I let them in, of course. Said they were going to Yosemite. They were a rough lot—but that's nothing—everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap—red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon—he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. His head was cropped and bristly—like as if he had a wig made of hair brushes. His nose lay straight down his face, like a finger with the end-joint tilted up. They had been drinking—I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin, then he took me by the buttonhole, and says he:—

'Through the deep caves of thought
I hear a voice that sings:
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!'

[Laughter.]

Says I, 'I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and, moreover, I don't want to.' Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to git out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then *he* takes me aside by the buttonhole and says:—

A "LITTERY" EPISODE

'Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharids to eat;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes.'

[Laughter.]

Says I, 'Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel.' [Renewed laughter.] You see it sort of riled me,—I wasn't used to the ways of littery swells. But I went on a-sweating over my work, and next comes Mr. Longfellow and buttonholes me, and interrupts me. Says he:—

'Honor be to Mudjikeewis!
You shall hear how Paw-Puk-Keewis——'

But I broke in, and says I, 'Begging your pardon, Mr. Longfellow, if you'll be so kind as to hold your yawp for about five minutes and let me get this grub ready, you'll do me proud.' [Continued laughter.] Well, sir, after they'd filled up I set out the jug. Mr. Holmes looks at it, and then fires up all of a sudden, and yells:—

'Flash out a stream of blood-red wine!
For I would drink to other days.'

[Great merriment.]

By George, I was getting kind o' worked up. I don't deny it, I was getting kind o' worked up. I turns to Mr. Holmes, and says I, 'Looky here, my fat friend, I'm a-running this shanty, and if the court knows herself, you'll take this, or you'll go dry.' [Laughter.] Them's the very words I said to him. Now I didn't want to sass such famous littery people, but you see they kind o' forced me. There ain't nothing unreasonable 'bout me; I don't mind a passel of guests a-tread'n on my tail three or four times, but when it comes to *standin'* on it, it's different, and if the court knows herself, you'll take this, or you'll go dry.' Well, they'd swell around

the cabin and strike attitudes and spout. [Laughter.] Says Mr. Longfellow:—

‘This is the forest primeval.’

Says Mr. Emerson:—

‘Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.’

Says I: ‘Oh, blackguard the premises as much as you want to—it don’t cost you a cent.’ [Laughter.] Well, they went on eating and drinking, and pretty soon I begun to notice some pretty suspicious things. Mr. Emerson shook his head, and says:—

‘I am the doubter and the doubt,
They reckon ill who leave me out;
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, I pass, and deal *again!*’

[Laughter.]

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THOMAS HOOD.

ONE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHTS

Make no deep scrutiny,
Into her mutiny,
 Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
 One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
 Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
 Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses,
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?
 Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
 Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city-full,
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
 Feelings had changed,—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
 With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black, flowing river;
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled—
 Anywhere, anywhere
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran,—
 Over the brink of it!
 Picture it,—think of it,
 Dissolute man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!
 Ere her limbs, frigidly,
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!—
 Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest!
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!
 Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour!

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

[From the Russian of Count Tolstoi.]

CELIA THAXTER.

THE winter night shuts swiftly down. Within his little humble room Martin, the good old shoemaker, sits musing in the gathering gloom. His tiny lamp from off its hook he takes, and lights its friendly beam, Reaches for his beloved book and reads it by the flickering gleam.

Long pores he o'er the sacred page. At last he lifts his shaggy head.

"If unto me the Master came, how should I welcome Him?" he said; "Should I be like the Pharisee, with selfish thoughts filled to the brim, Or like the sorrowing sinner—she who weeping ministered to Him?"

He laid his head upon his arms, and while he thought, upon him crept

Slumber so gentle and so soft he did not realize he slept.

"Martin!" he heard a low voice call. He started, looked toward the door: No one was there. He dozed again. "Martin!" he heard it call once more.

"Martin, to-morrow I will come. Look out upon the street for me."

He rose and slowly rubbed his eyes, and gazed about him drowsily.

"I dreamed," he said, and went to rest. Waking betimes with morning light, He wondered, "Were they but a dream, the words I seemed to hear last night?"

Then, working by his window low, he watched the passers to and fro.

Poor Stephen, feeble, bent, and old, was shoveling away the snow;

Martin at last laughed at himself for watching all so eagerly.

"What fool am I! What look I for? Think I the Master's face to see?"

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

"I must be going daft, indeed!" He turned him to his work once more,

And stitched awhile, but presently found he was watching as before.

Old Stephen leaned against the wall, weary and out of breath was he.

"Come in, friend," Martin cried, "come, rest, and warm yourself, and have some tea."

"May Christ reward you!" Stephen said, rejoicing in the welcome heat;

"I was so tired!" "Sit," Martin begged, "be comforted and drink and eat."

But even while his grateful guest refreshed his chilled and toil-worn frame

Did Martin's eyes still strive to scan each passing form that went and came.

"Are you expecting somebody?" old Stephen asked. And Martin told,

Though half ashamed, his last night's dream. "Truly, I am not quite so bold

As to expect a thing like that," he said, "yet, somehow, still I look!"

With that from off its shelf he took his worn and precious Holy Book.

"Yesterday I was reading here, how among simple folk He walked

Of old, and taught them. Do you know about it? No?" So then he talked

With joy to Stephen. "Jesus said, 'The kind, the generous, the poor,

Blessed are they, the humble souls, to be exalted evermore.' "

With tears of gladness in his eyes poor Stephen rose and went his way,

His soul and body comforted; and quietly passed on the day,

Till Martin from his window saw a woman shivering in the cold,

Trying to shield her little babe with her thin garment worn and old.

He called her in and fed her, too, and while she ate he did his best

To make the tiny baby smile, that she might have a little rest;

THE HEAVENLY GUEST

"Now may Christ bless you, sir!" she cried, when warmed and cheered she would have gone; He took his old cloak from the wall. "Twill keep the cold out. Put it on."

She wept. "Christ led you to look out and pity wretched me," said she.

Martin replied, "Indeed He did!" and told his story earnestly, How the low voice said, "I will come," and he had watched the livelong day.

"All things are possible," she said, and then she, also, went her way.

Once more he sat him down to work, and on the passers-by to look, Till the night fell, and then again he lit his lamp and took his book.

Another happy hour was spent, when all at once he seemed to hear

A rustling sound behind his chair; he listened without thought of fear.

He peered about. Did something move in yonder corner dim and dark?

Was that a voice that spoke his name? "Did you not know me, Martin?" "Hark!

Who spoke?" cried Martin. "It is I," replied the Voice, and Stephen stepped

Forth from the dusk and smiled at him, and Martin's heart within him leapt!

Then like a cloud was Stephen gone, and once again did Martin hear

That heavenly Voice. "And this is I," sounded in tones divinely clear.

From out the darkness softly came the woman with the little child,

Gazing at him with gentle eyes, and, as she vanished, sweetly smiled.

Then Martin thrilled with solemn joy. Upon the sacred page read he:

"Hungry was I, ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave drink to me;

A stranger I, ye took me in, and as unto the lowliest one

Of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it, unto me 'twas done."

And Martin understood at last it was no vision born of sleep,
 And all his soul in prayer and praise filled with a rapture still and deep.
 He had not been deceived, it was no fancy of the twilight dim,
 But glorious truth! The Master came, and he had ministered to Him.

ECHO AND THE FERRY.

JEAN INGELOW.

A Y. Oliver! I was but seven, and he was eleven;
 He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where I stood.
 They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven!)
 A small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh! a girl is no good!"
 So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood.
 It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only seven!
 At home in the dark London smoke I had not found it out.
 The pear-trees looked on in their white, and blue-birds flashed about.
 And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?
 I thought so. Yes, everyone else was eleven—eleven!
 So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
 And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom was littered;
 And under and over the branches those little birds twittered,
 While hanging head downward they scolded because I was seven.
 A pity—a very great pity! One should be eleven.
 But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet.
 And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old.
 Then I knew, for I peeped, and I felt it was right they should scold.
 Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;
 And then someone else—oh! how softly!—came after, came after,
 With laughter—with laughter came after.

ECHO AND THE FERRY

And no one was near us to utter that sweet mocking call,

That soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.
But this was the country—perhaps it was close under heaven;

Oh! nothing so likely; the voice might have come from it even.

I knew about heaven. But this was the country, of this Light, blossom, and piping, and flashing of wings, not at all,

Not at all. No. But one little bird was an easy for-giver:

She peeped, she drew near as I moved from her domicile small,

Then flashed down her hole like a dart—like a dart from the quiver.

And I waded between the long grasses, and felt it was bliss.

—So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and shiver

And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall White branches, a humming of bees. And I came to the wall—

A little low wall—and looked over, and there was the river,

The lane that led on to the village, and then the sweet river,

Clear shining and slow, she had far, far to go from her snow;

But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to guard her long flow,

And she murmured, methought, with a speech very soft, very low.

“The ways will be long, but the days will be long,” quoth the river,

“To me a long liver, long, long!” quoth the river—the river.

I dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard, the sky,

The voice that had mocked coming after and over and under.

But at last—in a day or two namely—Eleven and I Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the wonder.

He said that was Echo. “Was Echo a wise kind of bee

That had learned how to laugh; could it laugh in one’s ear and then fly,

And laugh again yonder?" "No; Echo"—he whispered it low—
 "Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could see,
 And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he;
 But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder.
 Yet I that had money—a shilling, a whole silver shilling—
 We might cross if I thought I could spend it." "Oh! yes!" I was willing—
 And we ran hand in hand, we ran down to the ferry, the ferry,
 And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and merry
 When they called for the ferry; but, oh! she was very—was very
 Swift-footed. She spoke and was gone; and when Oliver cried,
 "Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry—the ferry!"
 By the still water's side she was heard far and wide—she replied,
 And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry, "You man of the ferry,
 You man of—you man of the ferry!"

"Hie over!" he shouted. The ferryman came at his calling;
 Across the clear reed-bordered river he ferried us fast.
 Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran on; it surpassed
 All measure her doubling—so close, then so far away falling.
 Then gone, and no more. Oh! to see her but once unaware,
 And the mouth that had mocked, but we might not (yet sure she was there),
 Nor behold her wild eyes, and her mystical countenance fair.
 We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren in her stead;
 In the field, and we found but the cuckoo that talked overhead;
 By the brook, and we found the reed-sparrow, deep-nested, in brown;
 Not Echo, fair Echo, for Echo, sweet Echo, was flown.

ECHO AND THE FERRY

So we came to the place where the dead people wait till
God call.
The church was among them, gray moss over roof, over
wall,
Very silent, so low. And we stood on a green, grassy
mound
And looked in at the window, for Echo, perhaps, in her
round
Might have come in to hide there. But, no; every oak-
carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible—old, old, very
old.
And the parson's great prayer book beside it; we heard
the slow beat
Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the clear
gold
Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle, and then waver
and play
On the low chancel step and the railing; and Oliver
said,
"Look, Katie! look, Katie! when Lettice came here to
be wed
She stood where that sunbeam drops down, and all white
was her gown;
And she stepped upon flowers they strewed for her."
Then quoth small Seven:
"Shall I wear a white gown and have flowers to walk
upon ever?"
All doubtful: "It takes a long time to grow up," quoth
Eleven;
"You're so little, you know, and the church is so old, it
can never
Last on till you're tall." And in whispers—because it
was old
And holy, and fraught with strange meaning, half felt,
but not told,
Full of old parsons' prayers, who were dead, of old days,
of old folk.
Neither heard or beheld, but about us—in whispers we
spoke.
Then we went from it softly, and ran hand in hand to
the strand,
While bleating of flocks and birds' piping made sweeter
the land.
And Echo came back e'en as Oliver drew to the ferry,
"O Katie!" "O Katie!" "Come on, then!" "Come
on, then!" "For see,
The round sun, all red, lying low by the tree"—"by the
tree."

"By the tree." Ay, she mocked him again, with her voice sweet and merry;
 "Hie over!" "Hie over!" "You man of the ferry"—
 "the ferry."

"You man of the ferry——"

"You man of—you man of—the ferry."

Ay, here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old:

All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.
 Shall I cross by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my white

To that little low church? and will Oliver meet me anon?

Will it all seem an echo from childhood passed over—passed on?

Will the grave parson bless us? Hark! hark! in the dim failing light

I hear her! As then the child's voice clear and high, sweet and merry,

Now she mocks the man's tone with "Hie over! Hie over the ferry!"

"And, Katie." "And, Katie." "Art out with the glow-worms to-night,

My Katie?" "My Katie!" For gladness I break into laughter

And tears. Then it all comes again as from far-away years;

Again, someone else—oh, how softly!—with laughter comes after,

Comes after—with laughter comes after.

THE OLD CLOCK.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

GOING! Going!" said the auctioneer. "Is seven dollars all I hear bid for this old family clock? Going! Going! Gone! Who bought it?" We looked around, and found that a hard-visaged dealer in old furniture had become the possessor of the venerable time-piece. It was not like the clocks you turn out of a factory, fifty a day, unprincipled

clocks that would as lief lie as tell the truth, and that stand on the shelf a-chuckle when they find that they have caused you to miss the train. But such a clock as stood in the hall of your father's house when you were a boy. No one ever thought of such a time-piece as having been manufactured, but took it for granted that it had *been born* in the ages past, and had come on down in the family from generation to generation.

The old clock in the auction room, which had been talking persistently for so long a time, said not a word. Its hands were before its face, unable to hide its grief. It had lost all its friends, and in old age had been turned out on the world. Its fortunes, like its weights, had *run down*. Looking through its glasses, it seemed to say:

"Have I come to this? I have struck the hours, and now they come back to strike me!"

It first took its place on the old homestead about seventy years ago. Grandfather and grandmother had just been married. That was a part of their outfit. It called them to their first meal. There were the blue-edged dishes, and bone-handled knives, and homely fare, and an appetite sharpened on the woodpile, or by the snow-shoveling. As the clock told twelve of noon, the rugged pair, in homemade garments, took their position at the table, and keeping time to the rattle of knives, and forks, and spoons, the clock went *Tick-tock! Tick-tock!*

There were the shining tin pans on the shelf. There were the woolen mittens on the stand. There were the unpolished rafters overhead. There was the spinning-wheel in the corner. There was the hot fire, over which the apples baked, till they had sagged down, brown, and sissing hot; and the saucepan, on the hearth, was getting up the steam, the milk just lifting the lid to look out, and sputtering with passion, until with one sudden dash it streams

into the fire, making the housewife rush with holder and tongs to the rescue. The flames leaped up around the back-log, and the kettle rattled with the steam, and jocund laughter bounded away, and the old clock looked on with benignant face, as much as to say:

"Grand sport. Happy pair. Good times. Clocks sympathize. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!"

One day, at a vendue, grandfather was seen, with somewhat confused face, bidding on a high chair and a cradle. As these newly-purchased articles came into the house, the old clock in its excitement struck five, when it ought to have sounded *four*, but the pendulum cried "Order!" and everything came back to its former composure, save that, as a dash of sunshine struck the face of the clock, it seemed to say, "Time-pieces are not fools! Clocks sound the march of generations. A time to be born, as well as a time to die. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!"

A mischievous child trying to catch the pendulum: a crying child held up to be quieted while listening to the motion of the works: a curious child standing on a chair trying to put his fingers among the cogs to see what they are made of: a tired child falling asleep in a cradle. Henceforth the clock has beautiful accompaniment. Old-time cradle with a mother's foot on it, going "Rickety—rack! rickety—rack!" All infantile trouble crushed under the rocker. Clock singing, "I started before you were born." Cradle responding, "That which I swing shall live after you are dead." Clock chanting, "I sound the passing of Time." Cradle answering, "I soothe an heir of Eternity." Music! cradle to clock, clock to cradle. More tender than harp, more stirring than huntsman's bugle.

The old time-piece had kept account of the birthday of all the children. Eighteen times it had tolled the old year out, and rung the new year in, and fair

THE OLD CLOCK

Isabel was to be married. The sleighs crunched through the snow, till at the doorway with one sudden crash of music from the bells the horses halted, and the guests, shawled and tipped, came in. The stamp of heavy boots in the hall knocked off the snow, and voices of neighborly good-cheer shook the dwelling. The white-haired minister stood mid-floor waiting for the hour to strike, when the clock gave a premonitory rumble to let them know it was going off, and then hammered eight. The blushing pair stepped into the room, and the long charge was given, and at the close a series of explosive greetings, no simpering touch of the lips, but good, round hearty demonstrations of affection into which people threw themselves before kissing was an art. The clock seemed to enjoy it all, and every moment had something to say:

"I stood here when she was born. I was the only one present at the courtship. I told the young man when it was time to go, although sometimes he minded me not, and I had to speak again. I ordered the commencement of ceremonies to-day. I will dismiss the group. Good luck to Isabel, and an honest eight-day clock to bless her wherever she may go. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!"

After many years grandfather became dull of hearing, and dim of sight. He could not hear the striking of the hours, but came close up and felt of the hands, and said:

"It is eight o'clock, and I must go to bed."

He never rose again.

He could not get his feet warm. The watchers sat night after night, listening to the delirious talking of the old man, the rehearsal in broken sentences of scenes long ago gone by—of how the Tories acted, and how the Hessians ran.

All spake in a whisper, and moved around the room on tiptoe; but there was one voice that would

not be quieted. If the watchers said—"Hush!" it seemed to take up a louder tone. It was the old clock in the next room. It looked so sad when, watching for the hour to give the medicine, the candle was lifted to its face. At the wedding it laughed. Now it seemed to toll. Its wheels had a melancholy creak; its hands, as they passed over the face, trembled and looked thin, like the fingers of an old man moving in a dying dream.

Poor old clock!

The hand that every Saturday night for forty years has wound it up will soon be still. The iron pulses of the old time-piece seem to flutter, as though its own spirit were departing. Its tongue is thick; its face is white as one struck with death.

But, just as grandfather's heart, after running for eighty years, ceased to tick, the old clock rallied, as much as to say:

"It is the last thing I can do for him, and so I must toll the death-knell—one! two! three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven! twelve!"

With that it stopped.

Ingenious craftsmen attempted to repair it, and oiled the wheels, and swung the pendulum. But it would not go!

Its race was run; its heart was broken; its soul had departed. When grandfather died, the clock died with him.

What if the furniture dealer did set it down and cover it up with his rubbish. If the soul go straight, it makes but little difference to us where we are buried.

It is time that dust and ashes should cover the face and hands of the dear old clock. Dust to dust!

REB'REND QUAKO STRONG.

SWING dat gate wide, 'Postle Peter,
 Ring de big bell, beat de gong ;
Saints and martyrs den will meet dere
 Brudder Reb'rend Quako Strong.
Sound dat bugle, Angel Gabriel ;
 Tell de elders, loud and long ;
Clar out dem high seats of heaben,
 Here comes Reb'rend Quako Strong.

Turn de guard out, Gin'ral Michael
 A'ms present, de line along ;
Let de band play "Conkerin' Hero"
 For de Reb'rend Quako Strong.
Den let Moses bring de crown an'
 Palms and weddin' gown along
Wid percession to de landing—
 Here's de Reb'rend Quako Strong.

Tune de harpstrings tight, King David,
 Sing your good "Old Hundred" song,
Let de seraphs dance wid cymbals,
 Round de Reb'rend Quako Strong.
Joseph, march down wid your bred'ren,
 Tribes and banners musterin' strong ;
Speech of welcome from Old Abram.
 Answer, Reb'rend Quako Strong.

Angels, hear me yell hosanner,
 Hear my dulceen spiritool 'song.
Hallaluyer! I'm a-comin'!
 I'm de Reb'rend Quako Strong!
Make de white robe rudder spacious,
 An' de waist belt 'stronery long ;
'Cause 'twill take some room in glory
 For de Reb'rend Quako Strong.

What! No one heah at de landin'?
 'Peers like sump'in 'nother's wrong—
Guess I'll gib dat sleepy Peter
 Fits from Reb'rend Quako Strong.
How am dis? De gates all fastened?
 Out of all de shining throng,
Not a m'latto cherub even
 Greets de Reb'rend Quako Strong.

THE HOME READER AND RECITER

What a narrow little gateway!
My! Dat gate am hard to move.
“Who am dat?” says ‘Postle Peter,
From de parapet above.
“Uncle Peter, don’t you know me?—
Me a shining light so long—
Why, de berry niggers call me
Good old Reb’rend Quako Strong.

Hark to dat ar curious ‘roarin’,
Far away, but growin’ nigher;
See de drefful dragon flying,
Head like night and mouth of fire.
‘Tis de bery king of debbles!
An’ him rushin’ right along—
Oh, dear Peter, please to open
To class leader, Quako Strong!

Ole Nick comin’, I can feel it
Gettin’ warmer all about;
Oh, my good kind Kurnel Peter,
Let me in! I’m all too stout
To go ’long wid Majah Satan
Into dat warm climate, ‘mong
Fire and brimstone. Hear me knocking,
Old church member, Quako Strong!

Dat loud noise am coming nearer,
Drefful smell like powder smoke;
‘Nudder screech—Good hebben help me!
Lor’, forgib dis poor old moke!
Allers was so bery holy,
Singin’ an’ prayin’ extra long;
Now de Debbie goin’ to cotch me,
Poor old nigger, Quako Strong.

Hi! dat gate swings back a little,
Mighty squeezin’ to get froo;
Ole Apollyon, howlin’ louder.
Everything around am blue.
Bang! de gate goes, an’ Belzebub—
Bunch of wool upon his prong—
Goes ’long home without de soul of
Mis’able sinner, name of Strong.

—Anon.

